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The Week-end Review

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by A. J. Ayer

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Labour and
the Trade Unions

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London Diary
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A Firm No to Sir Roy

THERE is a dangerous tendency, in liberal circles here, to be too complacent about Britain's post-war colonial record. India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Sudan, the West Indies, Ghana, Malaya, Nigeria do, it is true, make an impressive litany; and the contrast with France is marked. But in areas where the relatively simple process of transferring power has been complicated by strategic, economic or racial factors, our record is much less impressive. In the Middle East, where our oil supplies were believed to be at stake, our withdrawal was brought about more by our dwindling military power than by any considered or consistent policy evolved at Westminster. In Cyprus, which our defence chiefs have successfully insisted is strategically necessary, we have created an Algeria in miniature. Above all, in those African colonies which contain sizeable white settler minorities, we have made little or no progress in solving the problem of transfer.

Yet it is precisely to Africa that the focus of world attention is now shifting. In Asia, the battle against colonialism has been won; in Africa—and especially in black Africa—it is just beginning. A generation of articulate and political-minded African leaders is growing up, looking to Dr Nkrumah's Ghana as their example and champion. Equally, the white settlers are becoming increasingly conscious of the threat to their political and economic privileges, and are systematically adopting the techniques and outlook of Mr Verwoerd's South Africa. In this process of polarisation, Britain occupies the uncomfortable position as arbiter. For though both our political parties are theoretically pledged to the long-term policy of awarding the suffrage to Africans, in practice the settlers can and do exert considerable influence on the House of Commons. And, while paying lip service to the principle of African suffrage, they will not willingly accept any constitutional changes which give the Africans effective legislative control. Ultimately, then, Westminster will have to choose between an undemocratic solution, which confirms the white minority in its privileges, and a democratic one, which necessarily transfers power to the Africans.

So far, successive governments have managed to avoid a decision. In Kenya, where Mau Mau terrorism forced the government's hand, a new constitution was granted which, in the long run, will allow the Africans to play a significant, if not dominant, role in government. But there, the settler minority is so tiny that it was clear from the start that the Africans could not permanently be excluded from power. Farther south, and especially in the Rhodesias, the problem is much more acute. The Central African Federation is a candidate—and superficially a strong candidate—for Dominion status. To date, however, no real progress has been made in granting the Africans a share in its government. What is more, the governing party there has just won a landslide electoral victory by its vociferous assertion of the principles of white supremacy. If Dominion status is conceded, we can be morally certain that its African inhabitants will be indefinitely condemned to second-class citizenship.

A decision, moreover, is becoming urgent. Sir Roy Welensky, the Federation's premier, is now in London to persuade the government to hand over in 1960. He is an astute negotiator, who poses as a moderate, and who wields the unspoken threat that, should Britain refuse to give way, his territory could secede to South Africa. There is little doubt that, left to itself, a Tory government would grant his request. But in practice, the Labour Party can exercise a veto; for many Tory supporters are themselves perturbed by the consequences of relaxing Colonial Office control, and no party will willingly embark on a constitutional experiment which the alternative government has unequivocally rejected. Labour's course is, or should be, clear. The party is already pledged to the creation of equitable mixed societies in the African colonies. It has repeatedly stated that any further change in the Federation's status must depend on the consent of the Africans. It must now insist—and we believe it will insist—that Britain should not withdraw its protection from six million Africans unless and until they possess the constitutional means to protect themselves. None of Sir Roy Welensky's blandishments, still less his threats, can be allowed to challenge this central principle.

Comments on the Week's News

Krushchev Takes His Time

The Russians mean business about Berlin. The way in which Mr Krushchev is slowly building up the pressure suggests that his objective is to force the western powers into some kind of political negotiation, rather than to create a war scare on the Quemoy model. He must be well aware that hasty or intemperate action in Berlin is even more dangerous than it is in the Far East, and that a sudden crisis would make it much easier for the US and Britain to ignore proposals for ending four-power control over the city. He has, therefore, taken his time. First, he has served notice that the Russians intend to hand over their part of the city to the East German regime, and that DDR officials will become responsible for such important functions as movement control. Secondly, he has demanded that the western powers withdraw their troops, and come to some 'arrangement' with the DDR. But, so far, no time limit has been set, and both the Russians and the DDR have taken care not to force the pace or to provoke incidents which would make the West take emergency action to keep open the routes to West Berlin. In a few days, no doubt, Mr Krushchev will unfold the next stage of his campaign. The western powers should use this period of grace to decide on a political response, because Mr Krushchev may not give them the excuse for another airlift.

What Next in the Sudan?

First press reactions to General Ibrahim Abboud's coup d'état in Sudan – that it was in essence a Nasserite move against the pro-British coalition government – has, almost without exception, given place to the far more plausible interpretation that General Abboud's purpose was to forestall some sort of Nasserite coup rather than to facilitate it. The record and supposed views of General Abboud himself, and of his colleagues on the Armed Forces Council, the proclamations they have so far issued, the attitude to them of both the established Sudanese politicians and, equally important, of the Cairo press and radio, all suggest that the new government is conservative in character and by no means the puppet of the UAR. Nevertheless, to accept without question that the coup was an attempt to forestall a move by Nasser, may turn out to be a misleading over-simplification. Sudan has always been exceptionally, and understandably, sensitive to any Egyptian move over the Nile-waters problem; and it is at least possible that General Abboud was reacting more to recent developments on the Aswan Dam than to the discovery of any particular plot by Nasser's agents. If so, his accession to power may signal a general toughening of Sudanese policy towards the UAR – including even the threat of sanctions on the Upper Nile – but not so much in defence of the *ancien régime* as to secure specifically favourable agreements on the vital matter of water. Equally, another and quite different explanation is still possible. It is noticeable that the group of officers who have taken over are, on the whole, senior in rank and service, and of a conservative cast of mind – very different from the young military radicals who took over both in Egypt and in Iraq. Their purpose may have been to establish full power in the hands of their own group before the 'political' element among the younger officers – impatient at the ineffectual workings of incipient democracy – got out of control.

Federation in Danger

Federation of the West Indian islands was a brave gesture. Its scarcely covered seed of discontent has quickly been exposed. The row between Norman Manley, Chief Minister of Jamaica, and Grantley Adams, Prime Minister of the Federation, is more than a clash of personalities. It is based on the divergent interests of Jamaica, as the largest and most highly developed unit, and the rest of the federated islands, which hope to share some of Jamaica's comparative prosperity. At present Jamaica contributes 43 per cent. of the Federation's revenue. When Sir Grantley Adams bluntly told Jamaicans that they would be expected to pay retrospective federal income tax and that the federal government would control Jamaican industrialisation and tariff policy, all the growing resentment in Jamaica boiled over. The position of Norman Manley in this situation is highly intriguing. He has been one of the firmest supporters of the federal idea, which clearly fits into his Socialist conceptions. Yet he has spent much of his three years of office in building the economic strength of Jamaica. He has given tax-holidays and protection to overseas investment, while attacking unemployment and under-employment. Federal economic control, together with freedom for other islanders to enter Jamaica, could well undermine much of this work. Meanwhile Manley has to face a general election next year, in which Mr Bustamante's party, already having won 12 of the 17 Jamaican seats in the federal elections, will now make federal exactions a central issue. Manley has therefore forestalled Bustamante by attacking Grantley Adams's proposals. The danger is that though this attitude might save Manley's party in Jamaica it could well destroy the whole structure of the Federation.

Rank and File

The Trotskyist group which called the 'rank-and-file' trade union conference in London last Sunday is not, at present, politically or industrially important. It has a sprinkling of members in local Labour parties; it peddles its papers and pamphlets at meetings; and it has picked up enough dissident Communists in union branches to enable it to spark off 'militant action' here and there. The most recent occasion was the South Bank stoppage, led by Mr Brian Behan: it had previously worked hard to keep the London bus strike going; and it played some part in the Smithfield-Tooley Street unofficial strike. Yet it cannot be written off as merely a bizarre splinter group on the left. Since the collapse of the Communist Party after Hungary, this 'Marxist' group has picked up a number of able people who continue to be Communists, even if they are disillusioned with the Soviet Union. At the same time, the disintegration of the Bevanite movement has left a number of Labour leftists at a loose end, and the militant Marxist line taken by Mr Peter Fryer, Mr Gerry Healey and their colleagues appeals to a good many who were once fellow-travellers, yet are unable any longer to take their cue from the *Daily Worker*. The leaders of this group, moreover, have had a good deal of experience in the Communist Party, and they continue to work in much the same manner – their tactics are not unlike those used by the CP in the years of the Minority Movement, when it was trying to get a foothold in the unions by denouncing the 'right-wing reformists' on every possible occasion. They are unlikely to make as much headway as the CP did – for one thing, they cannot capitalise on Soviet prestige – but they can cause a good deal of trouble in union branches and local Labour parties. The real criticism of their activities, however, is that like the CP they divert people into futile activity based on a dogmatism that is just as sterile as Stalinism.

Obscene Publications

More often than not, as Mr Roy Jenkins said in introducing the redrafted Obscene Publications Bill under the ten-minute rule in the House of Commons on Tuesday, the use of that procedure is understood to be no more than a demonstration: there is no hope for a bill thus presented, unless the government is ready to help. This government, more than any in recent years, is morally bound to facilitate Mr Jenkins's bill, which embodies all the recommendations of the recent Home Office Select Committee – some of which, notably the heavy penalties prescribed, were accepted with reluctance by the original sponsors of the bill. It would make a workable statute and remove some grotesque anomalies from the law as it stands. Only one criticism of it can be sustained with any force, and then only by an essentially legalistic appeal to precedent: namely the proposal that the author, artist, printer, or publisher be entitled to a hearing in court upon the question whether the matter is obscene. How is he to be got there, what will then be his status, will he not be placing himself in jeopardy, can he be cross-examined by the defence as well as by the prosecution, and so on? These are not insuperable difficulties. As the *Justice of the Peace* has said in a valuable series of articles now examining the bill clause by clause, there are sufficient reasons why the effort must be made to import this right of intervention.

Sir Charles and Dr Charles

The more or less routine report of the British Council for 1957-58 is enlivened with a characteristically pertinent article by Sir Charles Snow asking what the 100,000 people whom the Council is teaching English are going to do with it when they have learnt it. He points out with impressive figures how both the Americans and the Russians have rushed in to provide English reading matter for those who are willing to make use of it, so that 'our teachers are providing the linguistic tool and others are using it'. To anyone who understands life in the Middle and Far East, Sir Charles concludes, the British effort at present is clearly inadequate. His words seem particularly apposite when taken in conjunction with Dr Charles Hill's recent decision to strengthen 'substantially' Britain's overseas information services; and few people will disagree on this with either Sir Charles or Dr Hill. Nevertheless, the chorus of general agreement must not be allowed to hide the present government's fatal political weakness in projecting Britain to the uncommitted world. Nations tend to be judged by the deeds they do even more than by the gifts they bear. Just as Hungary was the best possible propaganda windfall for the West, so Suez and Cyprus are of more help to the Russians than all the works of Dostoevsky, translated into English and presented to every English-speaking inhabitant of Africa and Asia.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

Talks Behind the Curtain

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: Mr Krushchev's recent declaration that the Soviet Union would shortly transfer its powers, as an occupation authority in Berlin, to the East German Republic (DDR) naturally comes first in most conversations here nowadays. Few people assume that things will get so out of hand that the western powers will have to decide whether they are prepared 'to die for Berlin'. Much more is actually thought here about another aspect of this subject – Berlin and reunification, which are taken together – namely, how can the West, including the federal government, resolve satisfactorily a situation which only gets more dangerous every day with the apparent official belief that repeated demands for free all-German elections, coupled with refusal to acknowledge that the DDR exists, is getting anywhere.

From time to time during the past few years, there have been lone voices crying out for attempts to start talks with the representatives of the DDR since the present stalemate can only result in greater distrust. But the federal government has been adamant. No diplomatic recognition of the DDR, no talks with any of its representatives. Such actions would be treason, and anybody who suggested such things was Communist-inclined, or at best 'politically half-witted.' Then suddenly, Herr Ulbricht, secretary-general of the Communist Party across the frontier, stated in an election meeting in Leipzig about three weeks ago that his plan of a confederation (*Staatenbund*) between the two Germanys had first been put forward by a West German Cabinet minister, in conversation with an East German representative in East Berlin.

The official reply from Bonn was a complete denial. Then, after some delay Herr Fritz Schaeffer, then Federal Minister of Finance, came forward with a feeble statement that he *had* had talks with the Soviet ambassador to the DDR, Pushkin, but that he had refused to have anything to do with DDR representatives. These talks took place on 11 June 1955 and 20 October 1956. Hardly had Schaeffer's answer appeared in the press when the *Berliner Zeitung* (Communist) published an interview with Vincenz Mueller, a former *Wehrmacht* general, until last December head of the *Volksarmee*, and still a deputy in the *Volkskammer*. Mueller states that on the dates mentioned by Schaeffer, they met in East Berlin and that the latter declared that reunification could be achieved through a compromise on federalist lines (like Benelux) and the restricted arming of both parts of the country. A programme should be worked out by July 1957 and further talks should then be held. Schaeffer immediately denied he had taken the initiative in these meetings, which were arranged by a Bavarian businessman. He continued to claim that he had refused all contacts with DDR representatives.

Wherever the truth lies in all this, some interesting facts emerge. It is clear that at the time when these meetings took place something tangible might have emerged. The first meeting took place only a few weeks after the federal republic had obtained its sovereignty. The *Bundeswehr* was still a very small affair and ministers were disavowing any desire to see this country have atomic weapons. (How different from today!) In October 1956, Gomulka was reassuming control in Poland and changes were expected all through east Europe. Talks at that time would have been welcomed by many West Germans, if only as a means of really testing Communist protestations of desires for peaceful co-operation. Even today there is little criticism of the actual talks; but there is much about the secrecy which has surrounded them and the manner in which Schaeffer admitted to them after being forced to do so by the revelations from the DDR. Chancellor Adenauer, according to Schaeffer, was informed of the latter's intentions beforehand and tried to dissuade Schaeffer from going to East Berlin, but did not forbid it. The whole affair has left a very nasty taste because of the government's reactions against any similar suggestion from opposition sources. One needs only recall what was said about Georg Pfleiderer (then a Free Democrat) and his proposals, and what the Socialists have had to suffer for their suggestions which have never gone as far as Schaeffer's.

Will Schaeffer resign is a question which might be asked abroad. Here, however, resignation is so rare that it would be unbelievable. At the moment Schaeffer, now Minister of Justice, is busy on a new bill for curbing the press.

Melbourne

Trust Honest Bob

A Correspondent writes: The Australian Labour Party goes to the polls this week-end heavily handicapped. It has a 28-seat deficit to make up in the present 122-member House. It is fighting not only the composite Liberal-Country Party government, but also the break-away, Catholic-inspired Democratic Labour Party, now organised for the first time on a national basis. With an alternative voting system, its opponents are able to trade second preferences. The Labour Party, however, must rely on its primary strength alone.

With nine years of office behind him, and a good deal of personal arrogance, Mr Menzies has made no real attempt to present a policy to the electors. He has been content to contrast his 'sound' record with the 'dangerous and inflationary' policy of Labour. 'Trust Honest Bob' seems a sensible enough strategy for a period of comparative prosperity and stability. And even if Menzies has misjudged the temper of the times, he has a wide margin for error. Since the 1890s every non-Labour leader in Australia has tried to provoke electoral shivers by suggesting that a Labour government would be a fate worse than Socialism. Menzies is too old a political dog to learn new tricks. But this time he has been outdone by the Democratic Labour Party which sees Socialism as subversive and the Labour leader Dr Evatt as a crony of Krushchev.

This old red-bogy strategy has had a good deal of success in the past. Menzies' most sophisticated variation on the dangers-of-Socialism theme has been to suggest that a Labour government would cause a loss of confidence in Australia. Overseas loan and private investment sources would dry up and Australia would be excluded from the confidence of the great powers. It is an argument subtly pointed to appeal to acquisitiveness, naive nationalism and the delusions of grandeur which lie behind much Australian thinking on foreign policy. It conveniently ignores the fact that a Labour government in New Zealand has recently raised a record amount in foreign loans, including £10 million from the Australian Commonwealth Bank on the good word of Mr Menzies himself. It also dignifies Labour's present policy, which falls far short of Socialism of any sort.

Dr Evatt's campaign is based on a long schedule of social-service payments (increases in child endowment, maternity allowances, old age, invalid, and repatriation pensions, housing and marriage loans), tax deductions for workers' fares, new public works programmes, lower interest rates and a promise to use the Commonwealth Bank to force down hire-purchase rates. All this, Evatt claims, is aimed at revitalising a stagnating economy. Cynics have suggested that he has been listening to Mr Macmillan. But to the Labour spokesmen, unemployment (still running at about two per cent. of the work force) remains the government's cardinal sin. Evatt calculates that his policy would cost nearly £120 million, more than half of which, he argues, could be covered by pruning defence expenditure, saving on unemployment benefits and cashing in on the induced economic expansion. The rest would come from deficit budgeting – a policy justified by the sagging state of the economy and accepted by the Liberal-Country government in its last budget. Mr Menzies has put the cost of the Labour scheme at £165 million, and labelled it wildly inflationary. But so far Dr Evatt has had the best of the mathematics – though not of the propaganda. He has also taken the points for personality. He started his campaign a fortnight ahead of Menzies. Then he offered to resign his leadership if the Democratic Labour Party allocated its second preferences to Labour. Everyone was staggered – even his own party. The DLP refused to co-operate. It was all a little too melodramatic; but Evatt does seem to have forced the DLP out into the open and shrewdly appealed to its supporters over the heads of their leaders. Finally Evatt's medical advisers put him to bed for a week and then allowed him to return to the campaign, pale, interesting, and personally more vote-worthy. Menzies, by contrast, has remained conscientiously avuncular to the end.

Both sides have played down foreign policy, though Evatt did briefly return to his remarkable proposal that Australia should think about taking all New Guinea into trusteeship – the disputed area of West Irian included. In the last stages of the campaign, the government has been showing some signs of nervousness, and local pollsters predict a swing towards Labour. But more than a swing is needed: it would take something like a landslide in the face of the DLP intervention for Labour to win the 15 seats it needs to turn the government out. The DLP holds no seats and probably won't win any. But it may cost Labour the election.

Peking

One Flower Left

A Student of the Chinese press writes: Two of the most familiar objects wherever Chinese live and die have now come under the Communist lash; the sprawling ancestral grave, with its massive stone portals, and the household god. 'Beautiful prospects and graves' is the title of an article by K'ang Cho (Peking *Jen Min Jih Pao*), who writes: 'In rural China, grave mounds are being levelled and public cemeteries built'. Also in *Jen Min Jih Pao* appears the story of an old man, Teng Shih-hsi, who is the contemporary

hero of Hupeh Province. All his life he has burned incense before a bronze idol. But when the Golden Dragon Agricultural Co-operative organised 'a tools renovation campaign taking the ball bearings as the central object', Teng Shih-hai decided to contribute it to the campaign. As he moved out this ancestral knick-knack, he sang: 'God, O God, be not angry, I have respected you for a long time, and yet you have changed nothing, and farms were still ploughed by oxen. Mechanisation has been carried into effect. I request you to change yourself'.

These items, insignificant in themselves, symbolise the mood of aggressive self-confidence which has appeared throughout the Chinese press during the past few months. Bumper harvests, almost everywhere and of most crops, have increased prosperity, though distribution seems not to have caught up with production. In the industrial field output has soared; and even if figures are sometimes touched up by imagination, the results are still tremendously impressive. Now comes the problem of forcing people into a society which will keep up with their rate of production, the shortening in fact of the period of transition to collectivisation.

Six contributors to the *Hsin Chien-she* (New Construction) explain: 'In order to develop rapidly the productive forces, it is urgently necessary that the individual economy be reduced or abolished as much as possible and, at the same time, that the collective economy be more rapidly developed so as to meet the needs of the co-operative members'. Lo Keng-mo points to the same goal in *Hsueh Hsi* (Study): 'Productive forces and productive relations are the two sides of the same social production situation, and they are both opposed and united. They make up the most basic contradictions in human society. Since production is the basic premise for the existence of society, other phases of social activity, such as politics and culture, belong to activities in material production and serve it'.

Hu Chien goes on to extend the principle of collectivisation to domestic labour in *Hung Ch'i* (Red Flag): 'When such labour as cooking, sewing, and flour milling are taken out of the narrow circle of the family, and become collective labour of a social nature, even if manual labour is still employed, manpower is greatly economised. . . . Women have been liberated from domestic chores. Today, as they work in the public mess halls, the nurseries and the tailoring teams, the labour will make them more enlightened and politically more progressive'.

Everybody, it seems, is now being swept into the People's Communes, the development of which is China's most important stride towards a Communist society. They include everything. 'If we call them state farms', the Central Committee's resolution explained, 'they cannot include industry, agriculture, exchange, education, and the militia comprehensively . . . It appears now that the realisation of Communism in our country is no longer a thing of the distant future'.

In the field of foreign relations, the most noticeable item in China's press has been accounts of the trek of neutrals and impressionables to Peking. The finest ivory chopsticks were brought out for the King of Cambodia, and his addition to the *pantja sila* team was another feather in Chou En-lai's already well-decorated cap. The newest arrivals were from Algeria's provisional government, the United Arab Republic and the Republic of New Guinea. Articles on Latin America showed that the warm winds were blowing in that direction. Mei Erh in *Shih Chieh Chih Shih* (World Culture) wrote at great length and with much statistical evidence that the Latin Americans are now developing a national struggle 'for independence and for freeing themselves from the yoke of US control'. The Latin American political subsoil being clearly ready for planting, visits of Latin Americans to China were a feature of diplomatic life this autumn. Jurists from Argentina, Bolivia, Colombia, Peru, Uruguay and Venezuela were among them. Meanwhile Chinese acrobats toured Latin America, proving as supple in press conferences as they were on the trapeze.

The grass shows signs of growing on the roads from capitalist countries to Peking, though John Milton, dead and buried these 300 years, was considered a humanitarian who warranted celebration at a recent international literary gathering.

Westminster

Wiggery

When Mr George Wigg 'spied strangers' the other day he achieved some immediately obvious results. First, he made an ass of the government, whose spokesmen were so taken by surprise that they could not open their mouths even to whisper 'No' when the motion was put – and Mr Butler's subsequent affirmation that a government Whip had in fact called 'No', when everyone in the House knew perfectly well that he had said nothing of the sort, only made the asininity worse. Second he made an ass – if that is not too disrespectful a phrase for one who is normally so competent and always so charming – of Sir Charles MacAndrew, the Chairman of Ways and Means. Sir Charles did not know all the rules governing this particular situation which, after all, had not arisen since 1925 and gave a series of contradictory orders which kept the *Hansard* reporters popping in and popping out of the press gallery, under the direction of the Sergeant-at-Arms, while the ordinary press representatives – who had already been excluded – were held outside crying 'Shame! '.

Though, by a series of manoeuvres, including points of order, by a speech which itself continually crossed the borderline of order, by a motion to report progress and by a count, Wigg had tried to delay government business, by his last manoeuvre he actually facilitated it. For when strangers are spied, not only are the public and press galleries cleared, but all the microphones in the chamber are switched off. In consequence, it was almost impossible to hear what Mr Mitchison or the Attorney-General or anyone else was saying; and though MPs are notoriously fond of the sound of their own voices, they do like the sound to reach other ears besides their own. When this does not happen and when, moreover, there is no possibility of their speeches being reported subsequently in the papers, they tend to speak shortly or not at all. As a result, business which, at the rate we were going before Wigg's intervention, would have taken another three hours was concluded in one.

These three achievements, trivial in themselves, might have been worth while if they had given a fillip to his own party; and that could have happened if the government business in hand had involved some deep issue of principle. But the business in fact concerned the use of cars at election times. The opposition regarded it, at most, as a discreditable piece of gerrymandering and certainly not as a matter of principle. Hence, in Wigg's own party, there were the customary grouses – less unjustifiable than usual – from those who wanted to get the work done and go home. There were other grousers, too, who complained that Wigg had labelled his party as the one which wanted to turn the public forum of the nation into some sort of private boardroom, where matters could be arranged secretly, free from the presumptuously prying eyes of the electorate. This, of course, is a weak point, but like other weak points it can no doubt be strengthened by skilful doctoring in an election year.

The more serious charge against Wigg is that, in seeking to make the government look silly, he succeeded in making a fool of the whole House of Commons. Here, the public can be induced to reason, is an organisation whose business can be disrupted by a single member, whose rules are so antiquated or so inefficient that once a mistake has been made it cannot be corrected; here is a chamber, which though modern, is so badly constructed that the voices, even of practised orators, cannot be heard without devices which are usually considered essential only by crooners; and here are its members, revealed to be in truth what many of the public had so long suspected – full-winded show-offs who collapse without an audience. This is precisely the image of the House of Commons which some Tories, who do not want ordinary people having a say in government, have tried to project; and if they are ever successful they will virtually finish the Labour Party, which, unless it is the spokesman for the ordinary man who can never get into boardrooms or join the Federation of British Industries, has no position at all.

So it was generally agreed that Wigg had inadvertently performed a singular disservice to his party. However, this will worry Wigg not at all; and, without a pause for breath, he will no doubt resume the probing, harassing, lecturing and bullying of the government which, almost single-handed and with immense skill, he has carried on for the past seven years.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

NEXT WEEK

Christmas Books

An enlarged book section

Divorce Law Reform

by O. R. McGregor

Communist Economic Challenge

by T. Balogh

Fleet Street

The Serviceman's Friend

British newspapers as everyone – well nearly everyone – knows are the best in the world and, in line with the best journalistic principles, never – well hardly ever – allow their opinions to spill over into their reporting or selection of news or to induce them to put up headlines of a biased or one-sided kind. How did this work out in a matter which understandably rouses strong emotions in newspaper offices as well as elsewhere: the report of the inquest on the two Cypriots who had died in the security round-up operation in Famagusta which followed the murder of Mrs Cutliffe?

The *Daily Telegraph* came well out of the test. It published a carefully factual report nearly two-thirds of a column long and headed it: 'Greek Cypriots Accuse British Soldiers: Brutality in Round-Up: Men "Like Sardines" In Lorry'. So did the *News Chronicle*, whose report was very similar: 'Cyprus Troops Were Brutal'. 'Dead

Men's Families Accuse Them.' Both the *Telegraph* and the *News Chronicle* reports led the page, the one across two columns (13½ inches), the other across three (14 inches). Not so with *The Times*. Although it headlined its report 'Blows By Troops Alleged at Famagusta Inquest', it tucked it away in 5½ inches at the bottom of a page. This shows you how news judgments can vary even in the best circles. However the *Mail* found it possible to manage with an inch less, 4½ inches in all. The *Express* went one better – or worse. It managed to cover the whole of the inquest on the Cypriots in 10½ lines under a headline, 'How We Were Shot Down – by the Wounded Wife', which referred to a different inquest, that on Mrs Cutliffe. The allegations made against British troops were suppressed; and the *Sketch*, which has been taking Cyprus under its wing this last week or two, managed to do an even better job of suppression than the *Express*. It did not print a line on the inquest. The *Mirror* on the other hand gave it, with headlines, the best part of a page, 20 inches of actual report under the headline: 'Soldiers Beat Up My Husband . . . Says Widow of Cypriot'.

I am rather surprised that the *Herald* should be on the same side as the *Sketch*: it, too, did not, so far as I could find, publish a line of the inquest although it found space for the best part of 1¼ columns, including picture, on the arrival of NAAFI volunteers in Cyprus, and it devoted another two columns to a special article on Eoka.

In view of earlier denunciations of its rival – but oh! so much more popular and successful – tabloid, it seems not unlikely that the *Daily Sketch* will regard the amount of space given by the *Mirror* to an inquest which it considered it unnecessary to report a disloyal act. Last week the *Mirror*, reporting that Major-General Darling, military commander in Cyprus, had announced to its correspondent, Denis Martin: 'I have got these Eoka bastards on the run', devoted almost the whole of both its front and back pages to a passionate plea to Mr Macmillan to realise that he was completely out of touch with the real course of events on the island and to asking him to 'urgently produce a new plan for Cyprus other than outright military repression'.

That set off the *Sketch* next morning. (Four days previously it had shown its confidence in Major-General Darling by demanding that Field-Marshal Montgomery should be sent to Cyprus at once to take charge.) It devoted its front page to 'A *Daily Sketch* Exposure: A Shot In The Back'. The exposure was that 'Our troops in Cyprus have been shot in the back' and that the assassin was 'the Socialist *Daily Mirror*'.

The *Sketch's* excited complaint seemed to be twofold, one that (so it claimed) it was to the *Sketch* not the *Mirror* that General Darling had first used the words 'Eoka bastards' and, two, that the *Mirror* was attacking servicemen by 'undermining their confidence in their commander'. The *Mirror*, of course, has a very large circulation in the services: the *Sketch* not so large. It is understandable, therefore, that the *Sketch* should add, in black type, that it took no pleasure in this exposure. Yet conscience impelled it to assert, in black type underlined, that 'the *Daily Sketch* assures the troops that the *Daily Mirror's* attitude is NOT the sentiment of the British people. The British people will NOT let them down.'

The *Mirror* did not pay the *Sketch* the compliment of giving any attention to this. It devoted, however, a two-column leader to Mr Julian Amery, who attacked the *Mirror* in almost identical terms. It had, he said 'stabbed our troops in the back' and 'spurred Eoka on to kill more of our boys and their wives'. Mr. Amery also remarked pleasantly: 'The Socialists stand unmasked this morning as the friends of Makarios and Nasser . . '. The *Mirror* seemed to know the right word for this: 'Mr Julian Amery,' it said, 'is talking clap-trap'.

All of which is no doubt to be regarded as good clean fun. Yet, if it reached so far, one suspects it may have fallen a little discordantly on the ear at the inquests in Famagusta: the inquests on Loucas Andrea Louca, 17, student; and Panayiotis Chrysostomou, 37, shoemaker; and on Mrs Cutliffe, 42, British serviceman's wife.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Love of Four Colonels

Labour and the Trade Unions

NEXT Monday, with the publication of *The Future Labour Offers You*, the Labour Party will formally begin its election campaign. In this smart-looking brochure, which summarises the policy decisions taken by the last three party conferences, Mr Gaitskell sets out his plans for social welfare, housing, education, industry, colonial and foreign affairs. In detail, they may be intelligent and attractive. But the policy as a whole stands or falls by one simple proposition – that a Labour government can secure both economic expansion and higher standards of welfare without causing a new inflation.

Is this true? Has Labour found a means of escape from the Stagnation State which will not set off a new spiral of prices and wages and lead to another series of exchange crises? Last week, in these columns, Dr. Thomas Balogh argued that Labour can in fact meet its social commitments out of the profits of expansion, if there is a rapid and substantial increase in investment. But one of the conditions of higher investment, he suggested, is 'a temporary lull in wage claims . . . say, for a couple of years'. It is at this point that his argument is most likely to be challenged. The sceptic may accept his economic arithmetic, yet ask for the evidence that the trade unions will be willing to hold back, or that the rank and file will accept any 'understanding' that their leaders may have reached with Mr Wilson.

The question is posed in this fashion because a large part of the public is convinced that wage claims have been the prime cause of inflation, and that full employment so strengthens the bargaining power of the unions that it is impossible to stop wages and prices rising. In point of fact, wage demands were made because neither the Labour nor Tory governments kept prices steady, and the unions could not remain passive while the living standards of their members were eroded. Under Labour, prices went up because the cost of imports rose – a process which came to an end in 1951. Under the Tories, increases were due to the 'dash to freedom' in retail prices and rents. Mr Gaitskell and Mr Wilson therefore answer the doubters, who equate Labour with inflation, by claiming that the unions will now play ball with them and refrain from wage demands that would upset Labour's economic plans.

Yet they have a difficult task. They cannot expect enthusiastic support at the polls from union members if they talk about a new wage-freeze: that was so unpopular when Sir Stafford Cripps tried it that the combined efforts of the government and the TUC leadership could not prevent the rank-and-file pressure breaking through in 1950. On the other hand, they cannot successfully bid for marginal votes if, behind Mr Wilson, the middle class sees the lurking shadow of Mr Cousins, preparing to wring new concessions from a government powerless to resist him.

The dilemma arises because the trade union leaders are unable – the question of goodwill does not arise – to give binding undertakings in advance. They may promise to do their best; they may do their best; but in the long run they have to take the line their members want them to take. It would be convenient, and electorally valuable, if Mr Wilson could stump the country waving a piece of paper signed by the TUC in which the union leaders pledged themselves to a two-year honeymoon. Yet none of them could give such a pledge, it would be useless even if it were given, and Mr Wilson knows better than to ask for anything of the sort. The public may have an image of all-powerful union bosses. The 'bosses' themselves know better: they are aware of the limits within which they can commit their members. They have a duty to those members, just as businesses have an obligation to their shareholders – a point which is often overlooked – and they would fall to pieces if they were to neglect it.

That is why, at successive conferences of the Labour Party and the TUC, the union leaders have had to content themselves with general phrases whenever they have touched on the delicate issue of relations between a Labour government and the unions. That, moreover, is why Labour's policy statements always contain some such pledge as 'no kind of wages freeze is envisaged' though 'some measure of restraint in demands for higher income will be needed'. For, until Labour is actually in office, and has begun to apply its policy, it is anyone's guess whether it will work well enough to make 'a temporary lull in wages' possible.

The logical – and political – arguments on which the policy rests is quite clear: by keeping prices stable, and by increasing the social wage through various welfare benefits, a Labour government will try to remove two of the most important pressures which have induced union members to demand increases in money wages. So far, so good. Mr Birch, who is chairman of the economic committee of the TUC, and Mr Cousins, who has taken the lead in recent wage demands, have both said as much on several occasions.

What happens, however, if Mr Wilson should be installed in the Treasury? There would in any case be a short period of grace – its duration depending upon the economic conditions under which Labour takes office, rather longer if there is a good deal of unemployment and under-production, rather shorter if another boom is already under way: and the TUC would certainly give its blessing to the government in general terms, and as much practical co-operation as it could. Yet, it should be remembered, it did as much, and more, for Sir Stafford. After the 1947 economic crisis it even endorsed limited direction of labour as well as wage restraint. This was not effective: in the last years of the Labour government, it was on the defensive. From the end of 1947 onwards, the General Council faced a growing revolt from below. There were unofficial strikes, of which the big dock disputes in 1948 and 1949 were the most serious, and the campaign to end the wage-freeze, which eventually forced the General Council to give way at the Brighton TUC in 1950. The more the 'responsible' union leaders, personified by Arthur Deakin, tried to back up the government, the less control they exercised over their members. The fact is that if prices are rising, they have to fight for the bread-and-butter claims of their members – whatever government is in office – or see the initiative pass to unofficial leaders.

There are, moreover, important differences between the union leaders. Some of them can give the government a good deal of rope: the municipal employees, led by Sir Tom Williamson, or the shop assistants, with Mr Birch at their head, are unlikely to press their claims as far as strike action; and even if they did, it would not make an immediate impact on the economy. But the engineers, miners, railwaymen and transport workers are much less tolerant of 'moderate' leadership, and they are able to push their leaders towards a much tougher policy. This may be inconvenient to all concerned, but it is the price of a democratic trade union movement which keeps the support of its members to the degree that it delivers the goods. And there is no doubt that, in a period of rising prices, the members keep a jealous eye on their wage packets – and on the pay claims of other unions – to ensure that they do not lose ground.

The difficulties that the union leaders face, especially when they have made a reputation for militancy, are revealed by the problems that have beset Mr Cousins this year. On several occasions his hand has been forced by his rank and file: it happened in the bus strike, and it is happening again with the London busmen this week. He could, of course, follow the example of Bevin and Deakin, settle over the heads of his men, and then clamp down on dissenters within the union. But he knows perfectly well that he would have a rash of unofficial strikes on his hands, and that such action would wreck his efforts to make the Transport Workers into a more democratic and cohesive union. Similarly, if he appeared to be putting the claims of a Labour government before the immediate interests of his members he would rapidly cease to speak effectively for them.

When the problem is put in these terms it becomes clear why Mr Wilson cannot do more, at this stage, than 'rely' on future goodwill. The process by which any more definite assurances would be secured would in itself diminish their value. But it also becomes clear that co-operation between the unions and a Labour government depends upon four conditions. By its first actions, such a government must show that price-stability is one of its main objectives; it must concede that a 'natural' increase in wages will be encouraged as soon as productivity begins to rise as a result of its investment and expansionist policies; and it must not discredit union leaders by making them into mere agents of Treasury policy. Finally, it must guarantee that those sections of the working-class which do not benefit directly from the normal rise in productivity – unskilled workers, for instance, or employees in transport undertakings – will get their fair share: that means using the public sector to ensure that the wages of such groups are kept in line. If Mr Wilson can satisfy all four conditions, he can reasonably hope to do the trick – because union members as well as their leaders have become weary of drawn-out wage negotiations which, even when they are successful, do no more than keep pace with prices.

For ten years, in fact, the annual wage claim has taught union members this simple lesson, and this experience may have created a fund of goodwill upon which a Labour government can draw – if it seems to mean business. But all the goodwill in the world will be no help if prices rise, and if 'expansion' proves to be just another free-for-all. The question, therefore, is not whether individual trade union leaders are 'statesmanlike' or 'sinister', according to the preference-scale of the Tory press: it is whether Mr Wilson knows how he is going to 'provide value for wages – that is, to make possible real gains which are not subsequently eaten away by a higher cost of living'. If he does, he will get the support of trade unionists – and their wives – because that is exactly what all the trouble has been about since 1948. Advance undertakings are irrelevant if he succeeds; and if he fails, all the paper commitments the union leaders could give him will not stop the remorseless round of wage claims. The future that the Labour Party offers us depends precisely on this one point

Mendès in Action

'THE election meetings have been marked by confusion, indifference and courtesy' – so *France-Soir* summed up the campaign. An impartial observer after a tour of Paris might well conclude that this is an understatement. The average meeting in the capital has been attended by no more than a score, and in an atmosphere of total apathy. Even Jacques Duclos has been drawing 50 or less, and has spoken more of local problems than national policy. There is, however, one exception: Louviers, in the Eure, where Pierre Mendès-France is standing. It is not a particularly politically-minded place, but the men of Algiers, who still regard Mendès as their most implacable opponent, have despatched teams of hecklers to break up his meetings, even in the most remote villages. Hence, willy-nilly, Mendès has become virtually the only candidate to conduct his campaign on national issues.

Last Sunday, I went to see the great man in action. When I arrived at Beaumont le Roger, which with its 2,000 inhabitants is the market village of the canton, I was struck by the number of large, shiny cars, with Paris number-plates, parked in front of the fine Gothic church which dominates the main street. And in the principal *bistro*, between the church and the town hall, the citizens of Beaumont were in a distinct minority. The place was packed with British and US correspondents and star reporters from the big Paris dailies; there was even a sprinkling of elegant Parisian Mendèsistes, who had braved a 100-mile journey in the fog to listen to their hero.

By 5.30, when the meeting was due to begin, all the best places in the town hall were already taken. It began to look more like a press conference than a *réunion électorale*. But at the last minutes, the doors burst open and the Normans streamed in – whole families, including mothers and their babies. The room became uncomfortably crowded. When Mendès arrived, the flash-bulbs popped and the TV cameras whirred. Mendès, of course, is used to all this, but it was a revelation to the citizens of Beaumont; yet I thought I detected a gleam of pride in their eyes that their own candidate could draw such a lot of important people to the village.

Soon after Mendès began to talk, the interruptions started. The audience listened politely while he explained that the new electoral divisions had been gerrymandered – for Beaumont should be in the Evreux constituency – but at the first mention of the word colonialism, there were shouts of 'traitor' and 'Dien-Bien-Phu'. For Mendès, this was old stuff; but he explained, once again, though with force, how on taking office he had been confronted with an irretrievable military situation, and how the generals – led by de Castries himself – had begged him to make peace. This really went home, and when somebody shouted 'Liar!' he was speedily and effectively shut up by two massive Norman peasants. Mendès went on, in total silence, to put his point of view on Algeria. In simple language, he analysed the events of last May. 'A handful of economic aristocrats, a small minority of wealthy *colons* who have systematically sabotaged any liberal policy in Algeria, decided, with the help of a section of the army, to impose their wishes on the whole of France. Tomorrow these men will have 70 deputies in the new Assembly, and they will try their hardest to impose on us, by legal means, a policy which will lead us to disaster. To frustrate their purpose, I ask you to vote left, and so save the Republic'.

Then followed questions. A plump, moustachioed gentleman in glasses, dressed a little too elegantly for the region, was the first on his feet. He began by evoking the memory of Clemenceau and eulogising true French patriotism. Then he switched his attack directly on the candidate. 'You said the referendum in Algeria was faked, and that the elections down there will not be free. In so doing, you are calling General de Gaulle a crook. Has a man like you – who voted *Non* – the courage to repeat these calumnies in front of your electors.' The audience waited expectantly. Would Mendès dare to attack de Gaulle himself, the *homme-tabou* of the elections? But, relaxed and smiling, Mendès showed that the professional hecklers were not in his class when it came to political debating. 'Yes, of course I said the referendum in Algeria was faked. And de Gaulle said exactly the same by implication. For otherwise, why did he send a peremptory letter to General Salan, on 9 October, telling him to allow free voting in the coming elections? Would this have been necessary if the voting in the referendum had been free? And in any case, if 97 per cent. of the Moslems favour Integration, why is the war still going on?'

The Norman peasants listened intently, nodding their heads gravely. They were manifestly impressed when their candidate told them that the Moslems – 90 per cent. of whom did not speak French – did not have a single newspaper in their own language, that tens of thousands of them were shut up in concentration camps, that the army chiefs had effectively silenced anyone who did not share their views. 'And do you call that a free election?' he ended. There was a storm of applause, and cries of *'Non, Non!'*

And what about de Gaulle himself? 'I voted No,' he said, 'because I believed the constitution he offered us was a bad one, and it was precisely because I am a *friend* of the General's that I campaigned against it. I am entirely on the side of the General when he issues orders to Salan and the Algerian colonels, and I have said so publicly. But the General is not being obeyed in Algeria, and it was not part of his plan to have 70 *colon* deputies in the new Assembly. And if the General finds it difficult to get his orders obeyed at the moment, when he represents the government of the republic and is invested with special powers, how much more difficult will it be tomorrow, when a powerful right-wing block within the Assembly demands the continuation of the war? The only way in which we can enable him to carry out the liberal policy he favours, and so save ourselves from disaster is, I repeat, to vote left, and so reduce the so-called Algerian deputies to a powerless minority'.

There was no more trouble from the hecklers, who by this time were in danger of being violently expelled from the room. They climbed back into their cars and drove off to the next village in the region. The journalists returned to Paris, crawling through thick fog at 20 miles an hour. On the way back, our conversation was predominantly pessimistic. Mendès-France had revealed nothing sensational; but he had forcefully reminded us that, if a right-wing Assembly is returned this week-end, nothing can save France from disaster. And there is, we had to admit, no sign that the electorate is prepared to pack the Palais Bourbon with sufficient numbers of left-wing or even centre deputies to counterbalance the massive block of *ultras* who are certain to be elected in Algeria. By Monday, we shall know the worst.

Paris. K. S. KAROL

London Diary

A FEW years ago a claim by the Kremlin that Russia by 1970 would surpass the United States in *per capita* production would have been dismissed as the ravings of Communist propaganda. But the Sputnik has had its effect. We now know that, though Mr Krushchev may be exaggerating, it is quite on the cards, not only that Russia will catch up with the United States, but that China will surpass Britain in the next ten years. So the first western reaction to the Russian seven-year plan has been not to pooh-pooh it but to conceal the facts. What was certainly the most important world news for a long time was given in an official report, which took five hours and 50 minutes to read aloud on Moscow Radio. Here in London not one of the so-called serious newspapers has given it a tithe of the attention they regularly pay to an unimportant budget speech. To be precise, the *Daily Telegraph* coverage was 5½ inches, *The Times* 8½, and the *Manchester Guardian* did best with just under a column.

* * *

This craven refusal even to print the facts about the plans of the Communists largely explains why almost any new event in the world outside the North Atlantic area now comes as a shock to British and American public opinion. For seven years we have been screened by a curtain of silence, so that we are unaware of the pace at which the balance of power – political, military and economic – is shifting against the western democracies. In the 1930s a few realists, headed by Winston Churchill, tried to wake us up to the threat to freedom in Europe – and they were kept out of power until we were on the edge of the abyss. Today the job of arousing public opinion is infinitely more difficult. For the threat we face is not military but politico-economic; and the defence against it is not a willingness to fight but a pacific decision that the growth of our western economies must keep pace with that of the eastern bloc. All we need to do in order to maintain the world balance of power is to make sure that the economic strength of the Nato nations expands regularly by two or three per cent. each year and provides India with the means to industrialise without recourse to Communism. This is a modest target for communities as rich as those of the West, and it requires only a modicum of self-discipline. But our riches are our undoing. So long as the test of success in the western world is the number of cars, washing machines and television sets which can be foisted on the public by a combination of hire purchase and high-pressure advertising, we shall go on losing the cold war against the 'poor' and 'backward' economies of Russia and China.

* * *

I hope that all the excitement about the strangers successfully spied by Colonel George Wigg will not divert attention altogether from the Representation of the People (Amendment) Bill which we were debating in the Commons this week. If the government had slipped a clause abolishing the limitation of motor cars into a big bill, including a number of changes in our electoral system, it would still have committed an offence, but only a minor offence. What makes the Tories' present action so unforgivable is the decision to introduce a bill, solely and exclusively designed to assist their own candidates, particularly in rural areas. And, if anyone doubts this, let him look at the figures recently published in the Gallup Poll. Only last month, car owners were asked, 'If there were a general election tomorrow,

how would you vote?' Their replies revealed that 60 per cent. of car owners vote Conservative, 19 per cent. vote Labour, eight per cent. vote Liberal and 12 per cent. have no opinion.

There is no getting away from it. This is a dirty little piece of gerrymandery and the objections to it were summed up on 8 June this year as follows:

> The cardsharpers are so terrified of a Labour government that they would have us alter the rules of the game in order to avoid a Labour government. They go about saying that, since we have no chance of winning under the existing rules, we must rig the rules in order to prevent our being beaten. . . . Now, the answer to the cardsharpers is that, although politics is not a game, like life it must none the less be played honourably if we do not wish to bring public life into absolute contempt.

The man who said this was, of course, Lord Hailsham – before he decided to sharpen the cards.

* * *

When I read what Archbishop Makarios said in New York about patriots and terrorists, I relived for a minute or two one of the most memorable incidents in my whole life. The time was the summer of 1946, a few days after members of the Irgun Zvi Leumi had trundled a milk churn into the night club under the King David Hotel and blown up the British HQ, with heavy losses of Jewish as well as of British life. The place was Room 211 at the Dorchester, where Chaim Weizmann for years had lived when he was in London. I was alone with the old man because that summer Anglo-Jewish relations were unspeakable: all his respectable political friends, including Winston Churchill, Oliver Stanley and Walter Elliot, were ostentatiously staying away. This was a crushing blow for Weizmann. He was always fervently pro-British and had made himself distrusted by his own people through his opposition to the terrorists, particularly the Irgun, whose cold brutality makes Eoka look like bungling amateurs. (Anyone who doubts this should be reminded of the booby traps attached to the bodies of the two British sergeants murdered in reprisal.) So it was not surprising that during that summer Top People were staying away from the Dorchester, and bottom people were throwing bricks through the shop windows of Manchester. It was a difficult conversation. I can remember trying to reassure Weizmann (as well as myself) that anti-semitism was unnatural in Britain and would cease along with terrorism, when I suddenly looked up to see his eyes streaming with tears. 'Terrorists!' he said. 'They were our boys and no one can deny their gallantry. If only they had destroyed a German Headquarters! Then they would have got the Victoria Cross.'

* * *

It is only when I recall this incident that I realise what a difference 12 years has made. In so many respects history is repeating itself and Cyprus is becoming a second and even more futile Palestine – though it is difficult to say who are the Jews this time and who are the Arabs. But what I notice is how much weaker the public protest has become and how much stronger the belief in 'our soldiers, right or wrong'. In 1900, the whole Labour movement and a large section of the Liberal Party were anti-imperialist and therefore 'anti-British' and 'pro-Boer'. As late as 1920, they were pro-Irish and ready to denounce the atrocities of the Black-and-Tans without any inhibition. Even during the Palestine troubles in 1946-48, there was still a small but vocal section of public opinion which denounced Ernest Bevin for waging an unjust war against the Jews in Palestine. But in 1958 who, apart from Sir Compton Mackenzie, can afford to be on the side of the terrorists?

* * *

One of the main reasons for the difference, I am sure, has been peacetime National Service. So long as the British soldier was thought of as 'a drunken private of the Buffs', it was possible for left-wing parties to side with subject peoples fighting against us for their freedom. Now the suggestion that National Servicemen may be fighting an unjust war outrages every father and mother in the land. If Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan had gone even as far as the *Manchester Guardian* on the Cyprus issue, they would have exposed Labour's flank to the Tories. And in that case, who can believe that Lord Hailsham – not to mention Julian Amery – would have resisted the temptation to smear them as anti-British? So, ironically enough, the Radical protest – which in the past atoned partly, at least, for the worst evils done in our name – is now muffled by the workings of parliamentary democracy.

* * *

'Your Mr Maudling is a charming man and a brilliant negotiator. But what strikes me is the provincialism of his advisers.' This remark was made to me by a German business man, a fervent anti-Nazi and supporter of Britain. Just because he had no great faith in Western European Union, I found his questions about the British project for a Free Trade Area both interesting and difficult to answer. 'What made your Foreign Office and Board of Trade underestimate the strength of the French position?' he asked me. 'Surely they realise that United Europe is not merely a common market but a political ideal, which no German or Italian politician could afford to jeopardise merely in order to suit Britain's economic convenience? And, in any case, why throw away the few strong cards in your hand before the game really began? By its rush towards freedom and convertibility, your Conservative government has weakened the strength of the Sterling Area until you have nothing left to give away in your negotiations with the members of the Common Market. From my office in Düsseldorf I get the impression that the civil service in Whitehall still works on the assumption that Britain can afford to stay out of Europe until Europe is prepared to receive her on her own terms. Fifty years ago this kind of isolation may have been splendid. But in the 1950s it is merely provincial.'

Throughout the evening I listened to the friendly diatribe with ever-growing discomfort. True enough, the object of my German friend's attack was the Tory government. But in the privacy of my conscience I could hardly deny that it applies with almost equal strength to the opposition. Only a handful of public men, most of them Liberals or belonging to no party, have bothered to follow the development of European unity since the war. Far too many politicians – and I include myself in the number – have decided that Western Union shall be the subject on which they will candidly confess to the electors that they are totally ignorant. The peculiar obtuseness on European affairs which my German friend was attacking is not a party matter but a national affliction.

* * *

The prize for the plushest remark of the week goes to Prince Philip. On his visit to ITA's headquarters, he is reported as saying:

> I hope you will present a lot of polo. I would like to see it a national sport.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Orpington Council has refused to make a £50 grant towards next year's Orpington Festival – an annual music and verse-speaking contest well known throughout Kent.

'Our first duty is to keep the rates down', said Councillor W. C. Sweatman. 'However good the cause, we cannot go lashing out on culture'.—*Evening Standard*. (Frank Warwick.)

As an unemployed man I protest most strongly at a female clerk attending to me when I have to sign on at the Labour Exchange. It is most embarrassing. Is this, I wonder, to become a practice?—Letter in *Manchester Evening News*. (J. T. Purvis.)

She tells me: 'I am fascinated by politics'. Her first job will be to canvass for the Tories in a by-election.

Says Miss Rawlings: 'I am not sure what the constituency is called. It is on the other side of the City where one of these Socialists has been made a Life Peer. And I'm afraid I have forgotten the name of our candidate'.—*Sunday Express*. (N. M. Palmer.)

I was shocked to read that the Archbishop of Canterbury does not own a television set as he cannot trust himself to view with moderation. In the position Dr Fisher holds will-power is essential.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (A. R. Black.)

Peer or prominent personality wanted to join the board of an old-established and expanding West End Travel Agency as Prestige Director. No financial liability or work required, but travel advantages and facilities offered.—Advt. in *The Times*. (M. Durbin.)

Homosexuals and the Law

THE Wolfenden Report is at last to be debated in parliament. As is now well known, it recommends that the indulgence in homosexual relations, in private and with mutual consent, by men who have reached the age of 21 shall cease to be a criminal offence. Is there any good reason why this recommendation should not be carried out?

There are various arguments which might be brought against it. It has been said, for instance, that public opinion is not ready for the change. As a statement of fact, this is not easy to discuss since no scientific inquiry into the state of public opinion on this question has yet been undertaken. It is not known what answers people would give if the issue were put to them clearly. I think it probable indeed that a majority would be found to disapprove of homosexuality. The intolerance of sodomy goes back far into our history, and the false belief that all homosexuals are sodomites is still widespread. But from the fact that a person disapproves of homosexual practices it does not follow that he thinks they should be treated as crimes. Such evidence as there is available, for example of the public's reaction to the Montagu case, does not suggest that there is general satisfaction with the way the law now operates or a strong majority opinion that it should not be changed.

Moreover, even if it were established that the majority of the public was in favour of leaving things as they are, this would not relieve the members of parliament from the responsibility of forming their own judgments and acting in ac-

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cordance with them. They should take the state of public opinion into account, but they have not to be entirely guided by it. It is not and should not be a principle of government that social reform must wait upon a favourable plebiscite. No plebiscite dictated the reform of the Factory Acts in the 1870s. It is possible even that, had a vote been taken, a majority would have been found against reform: for many people believed that it was wrong and futile for the state to interfere in such economic questions, and many of the factory workers themselves were against the abolition of child labour, because they did not see how they could survive without the money that their children earned.

Yet I do not suppose that anyone would now maintain that these measures should not have been enacted until the public had received a sufficient education in economics. At the present time it would appear that a majority of the public is opposed to the abolition of capital punishment. But a member of parliament who voted to retain it only for this reason, when he himself thought on all other grounds that it ought to be abolished, would be acting wrongly. He would not be doing his duty by his constituents. For he represents them by pursuing, in the light of their opinions, what he honestly takes to be their interests, not by surrendering his judgment to theirs.

In the case of the laws against homosexual practices, this point comes out even more clearly than in the case of the death penalty for murder. I believe the abolitionists to be right in maintaining that the existence of the death penalty is not a unique deterrent; but if they were wrong, the adoption of this measure, though still desirable for other reasons, would represent a certain danger to public security. On the other hand, no public interest is threatened by the measures which are advocated by the Wolfenden Committee. It is not to be supposed that male homosexuals would launch a campaign of proselytization or that they would be successful if they did. This has not happened in the case of female homosexuality, which is not an offence, though only the good sense of the House of Lords prevented it from being made one as recently as 1921. It is clear that young people must be protected from seduction by homosexuals no less than by heterosexuals, but the Wolfenden Report provides for this. The exceptional attention which the Committee paid to this point is shown by its fixing the age of consent at 21, whereas in the case of heterosexual relations it is only 16.

The fact is that those who wish to maintain the existing laws against homosexual behaviour do not regard male homosexuals as a menace to them. They are moved rather by a feeling of repugnance for homosexual practices as such. But just among those in whom this feeling is strongest there is the least likelihood of its sources and its justification being rationally considered or discussed. It is seldom combined with any clear understanding of the psychological and social causes of homosexuality or of its effects.

A second argument which has been put forward is that it is 'a serious step' to reverse 'provisions of the criminal law which have stood for a long time'. It is, indeed, a serious step: but the suggestion that, if a law is bad, it is redeemed by being old is not a serious argument. Further, to talk of provisions which have stood for a long time is in this context slightly disingenuous. The present law concerning sodomy does derive from a statue of Henry VIII, which turned it in 1553 from an ecclesiastical into a civil offence, though the penalties against it have been relaxed. No one has been hanged for sodomy since the 1830s, and though sentences of seven years' imprisonment or more are still given in a few cases, the present maximum penalty of life imprisonment is not enforced. But nowadays fewer male homosexuals are prosecuted for sodomy than for 'gross indecency', which was first made into a criminal offence in 1885. The clause was introduced by Henry Labouchere, who tacked it on to a statute dealing with prostitution and the female age of consent: it was passed without discussion in a thin House. Labouchere explained that it was intended to protect boys over the age of 13 from assault, but in fact it was used from the start to punish any form of homosexual conduct between consenting adults. Oscar Wilde received the maximum sentence of two years' imprisonment for this new offence. There is reason to believe that Labouchere knew what he was about, but also that those who were swayed by him did not.

I do not think that a measure of this kind would pass, if it were now submitted to parliament for the first time: I doubt even whether the government would wish to enact a law against sodomy as such, if one did not already exist. But this is consistent with their being unwilling to repeal these laws. The position taken is that you do not condone an evil by refusing to enact a law against it, for you may be held to consider that it is not the type of evil with which it is suitable for the law to deal; but that, when laws do exist against it, you condone it by repealing them. There is no logical distinction between these procedures: but it is assumed that there is a difference in their psychological effects.

The premise of this argument, that homosexual behaviour is wrong in itself, is accepted by many of those who reject its conclusion. I think it fair to say that I do not share this view. The reason which is most often given for it is that homosexuality is unnatural. But if 'unnatural' means 'uninstinctive', this is biologically false, apart from the fact that what is uninstinctive need not be wrong. If 'unnatural' means 'uncommon', it is again false, and again what is uncommon need not be wrong. If 'unnatural', in this context, just means 'wrong', there is no argument.

I do not deny that under present social conditions the practice of homosexuality has many attendant evils; the moral isolation of homosexuals which they try to overcome by establishing a kind of sexual freemasonry; the furtiveness which goes with their fear of being ridiculed or disgraced; the difficulty which they have in forming stable and emotionally satisfying relationships. But it seems to me that these evils result from the prevailing social attitude towards the practice of homosexuality, and especially from its being subject to legal sanctions, rather than from the intrinsic nature of any homosexual act.

However this may be, the important question which has now to be decided is not whether homosexual behaviour is a sin but whether it is a crime: and surely, so long as it occurs between consenting adults, it has none of the attributes of a crime. It is a maxim that the criminal law should not concern itself with people's private lives except to repress conduct which is injurious to society or highly injurious to the persons who engage in it, and neither of these conditions is satisfied in the present case. No adverse social effect has been observed in France or Belgium or the Scandinavian countries, in which the legal practice with regard to homosexuality is very much the same as that which is advocated by the Wolfenden Report. As for the personal effects, if homosexuals are psychologically maladjusted, they might benefit by psychiatric treatment, as many heterosexuals also could. But whatever readjustment they may need, it has not been found that treating them as criminals is an essential means of bringing it about.

If it be granted that homosexual behaviour ought not to be considered a crime in itself, then the argument that to reform the laws against it would be to condone it appears very weak. It is questionable, in my opinion, whether it ought to be made subject to such very strong social reprobation: but experience in other fields shows that social reprobation can function effectively in the absence of legal sanctions. The very fact that many of the advocates of legal reform do seriously believe that homosexual behaviour is wrong shows that legal and moral tolerance do not stand or fall together.

Once the arguments against the Wolfenden proposals have been disposed of, the case in their favour is surely overwhelming. At present the legal sanctions against homosexuality are not an effective deterrent: they are an encouragement to blackmail; and they operate most capriciously. It is arguable, indeed, that with the growth of psychological understanding fewer prosecutions against homosexuals will be undertaken, so that the recommendations of the Wolfenden Committee will be adopted in practice even though they are rejected in principle. It may even come to the point where juries will refuse to convict. But is this thought to be desirable? Is it not better to have the courage to undertake reform than to allow the law to fall into contempt?

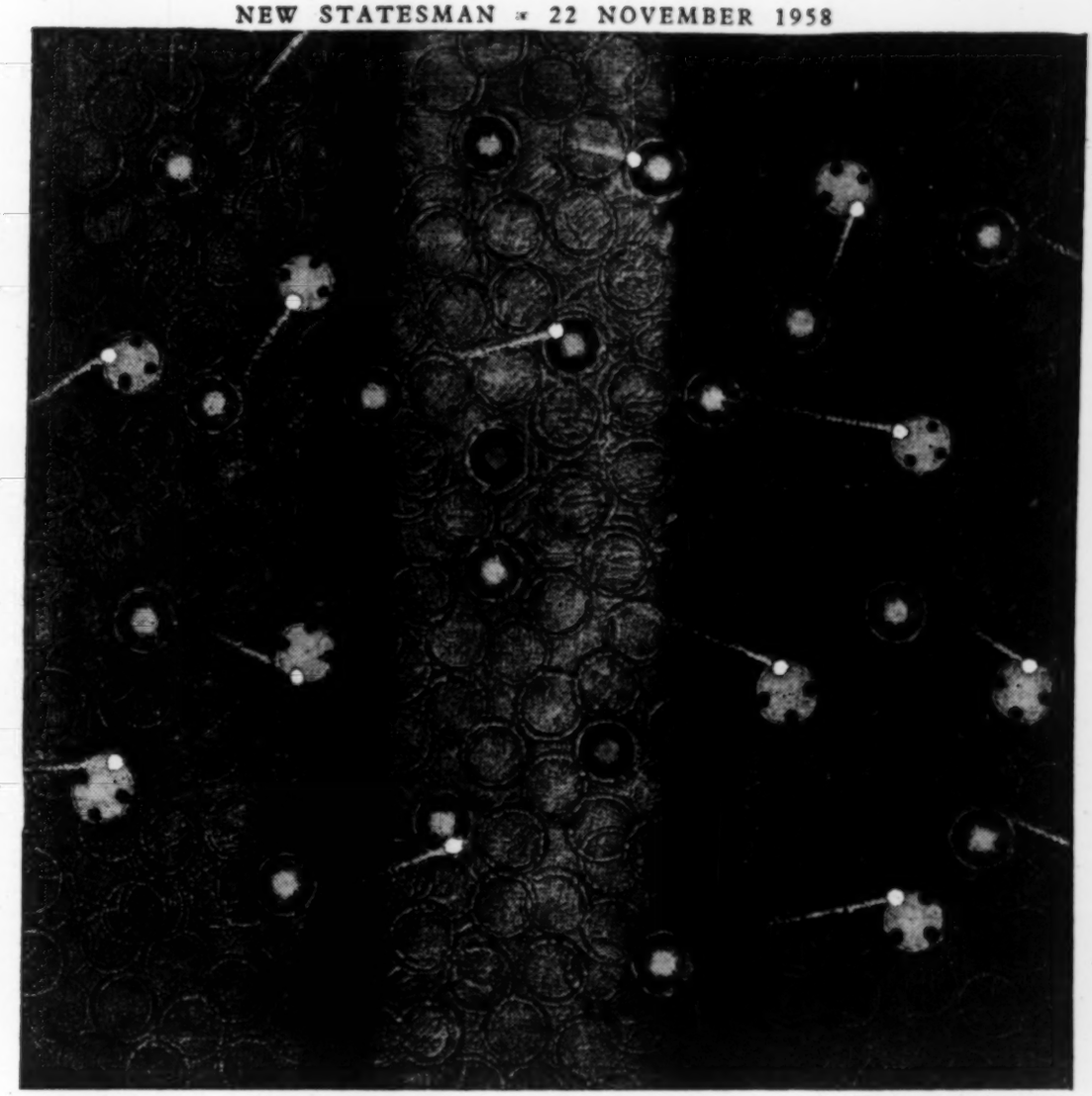
A. J. AYER

Monty through Bradley's Eyes

THE controversy concerning Anglo-American strategy in August and September of 1944 has been reopened by the publication of Field-Marshal Montgomery's *Memoirs*. His argument is that, had he been given a free hand, he could have finished the war that autumn. And it is now generally accepted that the Second World War could and should have ended with the Red Army still behind the Carpathians – with all that this would have entailed. But Field-Marshal Montgomery's views are not acceptable to all, and the position looked very different from the vantage point of General Bradley's staff, on which I was serving at the time.

If I am now bold enough to express views contrary to those of the Field-Marshal, it is because, though I was a junior intelligence officer in those days, it was General Bradley's habit to do a considerable amount of his planning in front of the Intelligence Map, and so I believe that I was privileged to hear more of what was passing through his mind than is given to most junior staff officers at so elevated a headquarters. Furthermore, we were a very small tactical staff, amounting to a couple of dozen officers only, and we were therefore all very close to the operations as such. Finally, as an American educated in England and who had served for three years in the British army, I was sometimes used as interpreter when appreciations from 21st Army Group contained witticisms, or similes drawn from cricket, open to misinterpretation by Americans.

The first critical phase was in mid-August, not at the end of that month as the Field-Marshal implies. We had broken the German front, their counter-attack had failed, and most of the US First Army and all the US Third Army were out in the clear. The British and Canadians, however, were still engaged in heavy fighting in the *bocage* country. To us their advance seemed unnecessarily slow, largely due to clumsy attrition tactics inherited from the First World War. (And some



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American airmen thought that Montgomery did not then understand the real nature of tactical air supremacy, and that he was using his air support in Normandy exactly as his predecessors had used artillery in 1916.)

On 8 August two courses were immediately open to the Allied armies: to encircle the large German forces on the right wing of 21st Army Group and opposite US First Army: or to win more ground (by letting Patton loose) and then to carry out a larger encirclement, perhaps a very large one indeed, with the Seine as northern perimeter. Although he does not say so in his book, my recollection is that Bradley, and certainly Patton, were then in favour of the maximum exploitation of the great victory that was being won. Montgomery, however, overestimating the speed with which the Canadians could advance, chose the smaller solution. As a result the Americans were held back. Patton completed his part of the encirclement by 12 August, and was not allowed to advance further north. The Canadian advance slowed almost to a halt. And Montgomery, instead of reinforcing their attack or, better still, switching his point of main effort further east for the larger encirclement, attacked the head of the pocket itself. That same day, 12 August, the Germans began to pull out. For two days a raging Patton waited, while Montgomery failed to carry out his part of the less ambitious plan he had preferred. In fact he never did carry it out. It was not until 19 August, when most of the Germans had gone, that he reached his objective and linked up with the Americans.

Meanwhile, on the evening of 14 August, Field-Marshal Montgomery's Chief of Staff telephoned to General Bradley that the Field Marshal had made a mistake, and that the Canadians were not, as he had earlier said, at Trun, but still some ten miles north of the place. Bradley then realised that the pocket could not be closed in time to achieve a major victory and therefore ordered Patton to advance east across the Seine. This delay, and the attention, which we regarded as excessive, being paid to 21st Army Group's front, also frustrated the larger encirclement (with the Seine as northern perimeter) when this was belatedly attempted. This encirclement, incidentally, would have been comparable to those achieved by the Germans at Bryansk or Kiev in 1941, or by the Russians at Stalingrad in 1952; and, since in August German reserves were non-existent, would almost certainly have finished the war if it had been quickly and properly exploited.

The second crisis arose on 31 August, the day before General Eisenhower succeeded Montgomery as commander of the ground forces in France. By then 21st Army Group had advanced some 40 miles: meanwhile, Patton, probably the most skilled and successful tank general produced by any Allied army, had driven his army close on 400 miles, and was completely in the clear with his vanguards across the Meuse, headed for Metz, Nancy, the Saar and the historic Napoleonic route into Germany. There was nothing in front of him. General Bradley believed that by putting the major effort of the two army groups behind the Third Army, and by accepting the then almost negligible risks to that army's right flank – that is to say, by using the tactics that had been so successfully employed by the Germans against a defeated enemy in 1940 and 1941 – Third Army could certainly reach the Rhine within two days. A rapid exploitation of this victory might then well have ended the war in a matter of weeks. However, higher headquarters had stopped the supplies going to Patton, and particularly his fuel supplies. Three days later, Patton said to Eisenhower: 'My men can eat their belts, but my tanks have got to have gas'. We thought that quite understandable quasi-political considerations (the clearing of the V-weapons coast) were contributory to this momentous blunder. It was also feared that matters of prestige played their part – that the winning of so spectacular a victory, and thus the ending of the war, by American forces alone did not appeal either to Montgomery or to Churchill. This, however, may well have been unjust.

In any event, Patton was left high and dry with victory within his grasp, while the point of main effort was switched to 21st Army Group's front, which was now advanced to the Scheldt. The Germans were given time to put scratch forces into an empty Seigfried Line.

21st Army Group's intended advance beyond the Ruhr, which was supposed to end the war that autumn, was dependent on the success of the big airborne operation. General Bradley regarded this operation with considerable disquiet. He believed that the ultimate objective of the three airborne divisions, which were to be dropped on successive nights, would be obvious. I heard the Field-Marshal say to him that it was precisely because it was so obvious that it would fool the Germans, who would expect greater subtlety. General Bradley thereupon requested that the two American divisions be dropped first: he had, of course, no control over the operation as such. What happened to the British First Airborne Division at Arnhem was not regarded by us as contributing to victory. This defeat, combined with the extreme slowness of 21st Army Group in clearing the approaches to Antwerp, while 12th Army Group was largely immobilised, made it inevitable that the war must go on into 1945.

When Field-Marshal Montgomery maintains that he could have finished the war in 1944, had his strategy not been overruled by Eisenhower, the following consideration arises. Until 1 September he was, in fact as well as in theory, in command of all the armies in France. From that date on, General Eisenhower appears at no time to have disapproved of the Field-Marshal's plans and projects, let alone to have overruled him. Eisenhower seems to have regarded his job as a sort of liaison one, 'keeping the British happy'. This is what Patton meant when he said that Eisenhower was the best general the British had. When choosing between Montgomery's and Bradley's strategic conceptions, Eisenhower preferred Montgomery's. The basic difference was that Bradley was at all times prepared to exploit success, almost ruthlessly, and in Patton's Third Army he had a magnificent weapon with which to do this. Montgomery preferred his more rigid and usually – though not at Arnhem – well-conceived plans. It seems probable that Bradley could have finished the war in 1944 if given a free hand in August and the necessary supplies. However, during this period, Montgomery's operational strategy was preferred.

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A Ghost in London

The author of this article is on the staff of the Times of India. *He has recently completed an attachment to an English national newspaper.*

EIGHT months ago London was like a temple to me – the abode of a kindly spiritual power. A place which enlightened those that came to it. Today I am going home disillusioned.

Back in Delhi I used to imagine London as the most sensitive and alive city. A city where creative activity was at fever pitch; where people reacted to the world. A city whose mind was agitated with the urge to do something.

In April when I arrived in London the world seemed to be at peace. I needed a room to stay in. The newspapers carried columns and columns of advertisements of vacant bed-sitters waiting for summer visitors. Many of them contained hints that they were not for me. 'No coloureds,' the adverts said. I telephoned the rest for an appointment; and many, on knowing my nationality, said they were sorry they never took in Asians because other residents in the house felt uncomfortable. Of course, there were dark, dilapidated, old boarding houses in usually shunned localities, and very expensive rooms and flats in fashionable areas, where they never bothered who you were or where you came from so long as you paid your rent in advance.

I found an expensive flatlet in a pretentious quarter of Kensington. It was a house where social outcasts of all kinds lived. There were rich Arabs, Persians, Singapore and Hong Kong Chinese. There were also Spanish and French cabaret artistes and night club hostesses, living in the house 'to improve their business'. It was there I met Johann, the son of a prominent German banker. He was undergoing training in a London bank. He had grown up in West Germany after the war. He believed unemployment was absolutely necessary for his country to provide incentives for hard work; he considered Communists to be a gang of murderers, Nasser the greatest enemy of the West, and America the country of his hopes. We were great friends, Johann and I, because, perhaps, both of us were outcasts. But I thought Johann had a great advantage over me. He was white.

Late on Saturday evening when Johann was

dying for a drink of beer, I took him to a restaurant where I usually had my meals and promised him a beer even if it was a few minutes late. 'Please, Anne,' I begged the waitress, 'do try to get my friend a beer. He is a German and may die if he doesn't get his beer.' Johann was greatly upset. When the waitress was gone, he told me he did not like my telling people that he was German. He said that in Britain they did not like Germans, and so he never let people know he was one. He usually let people think he was from Belgium or Holland. I was shocked. Wasn't this confusion of Nazis with Germans keeping the old prejudices alive? Was it not the same as fostering hatred against Asians and Africans?

As I pass them, I look at the faces of my countrymen. They always seem to bend their heads as they pass another Indian. In their looks they put a kind of apology. Though earning a much better living here, they seem to say, they are unhappy. They are outcasts, perhaps to remain so. I passed knots of silent, sad-looking, shabbily dressed West Indians and Africans. They were always together. I saw them at empty tube stations crying 'Mind-the-doors' to departing trains and then pacing the empty platforms like ghosts. I again saw them handling semi-skilled jobs in the foundries. I knew boom-time Britain needed them but was never kind enough to accept them socially. I felt certain that as soon as the boom was slightly affected the first people that would be hit would be these. And sure enough the distrust towards coloured people expressed itself in August and September. I wondered that people hadn't known these racial attacks were coming.

I was working with a London daily when the generals rose in Algeria to destroy the Fourth Republic in May. For days together front pages of newspapers were covered with news and rumours from Paris and Algiers. On one of those exciting afternoons I was travelling in the underground on my way to the office. As usual, the passengers in the compartment were wearing masks of newspapers over their faces. I do not know how, but a face peered out of a news sheet, strained itself into a smile and said good afternoon to me. He was my colleague. New to London, still unfamiliar with stock-phrases about the weather, I involuntarily asked him a question: 'Reading the news from France?' I asked him. 'No,' he said and showed me the dog-racing results. 'I do not care what the French do with themselves,' he said. 'These foreigners are always fighting among themselves,' he added with utter detachment. And I wondered if anything happening outside Britain ever affected its people. If it did, why were they so apathetic? Why don't they react? Why didn't anybody tell me he wouldn't like democracy to die in France?

Is there perhaps no time to bother about what is going on outside? With high wages, with the open treasure house of Lord Loan, with the new cars, new clothes, bigger screens all screaming to be bought; with Tommy Steele sending the kids and the pools occupying their parents, where is the time to bother about the dangers in the distance? There is no need to think or to reflect. Why know about falling capital investment and stiff trade competition while wages are high and jobs not affected. Any party that looks after prosperity is good enough. Why vote Labour, when the Conservatives promise similar benefits? Indeed, how are the Tories different from the Socialists?

Remember when Mrs Barbara Castle came back from Cyprus and spoke out of turn? Most of the Labour party reacted just as sharply as the Tories. How could she blame British soldiers? Is it not treachery on the part of a British national to

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blame anything British? Were the Greek Cypriots not shooting at British soldiers? And who was Mrs Barbara Castle to tell them not to shoot back when the soldiers were outraged? But few ever asked why Mrs Cutliffe and the soldiers had to die in Cyprus when they could have lived happily in Britain. Who sent them to Cyprus to die those terrible deaths? What were they dying for? Similarly, few people ever ask why Britain is spending millions of pounds on nuclear armament, on sending troops to Jordan and then flying them back. I remember an incident during the Edinburgh International Festival this year. The Director-General of the British Council was explaining his organisation's activities and the money it spent. The Festival's finances were in deficit. A newspaperman – perhaps no more stupid or nationalistic than most – rose to ask why the British Council could not grant some money to the Festival instead of helping Commonwealth students or publicising Britain in Commonwealth countries. Why give a £40 million loan to India when at home the Festival was threatened? What else, I wondered, but prejudice could lead him to forget his country's vast expenditure on armaments and remember only the small sums given as aid?

Yet at the end of it all London has made me realise many things. It has enlightened me as it must be enlightening millions that come here. If I could not feel the activity that agitates its mind, it must be that I did not live long enough in this biggest city of the world. I am grateful for the perspective it gave me, and perhaps I shall come here again to roam the streets lost like a ghost, to be pushed around, to be discriminated against, to feel miserable and to remain alive to the miseries of others.

HARISH CHANDOLA

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The Arts and Entertainment

The White Cell

In a period of cultural disintegration—such as ours in the West today—it is hard to assess the value of an individual talent. Some artists are clearly more gifted than others and people who profoundly understand their particular media ought to be able to distinguish between those who are more and those who are less gifted. Most contemporary criticism is exclusively concerned with making this distinction; on the whole, the critic today accepts the artist's aims (so long as they do not challenge his own function) and concentrates on the flair or lack of it with which they have been pursued. Yet this leaves the major question begging: how far can talent exempt an artist if he does not think beyond or question the decadence of the cultural situation to which he belongs?

Perhaps our obsession with genius, as opposed to talent, is an instinctive reaction to this problem, for the genius is by definition a man who is in some way or another larger than the situation he inherits. For the artist himself the problem is often deeply tragic; this was the question, I believe, which haunted men like Dylan Thomas and John Minton. Possibly it also haunted Jackson Pollock and may partly explain why in the last years of his life he virtually stopped painting.

The Pollock exhibition, now at Whitechapel, certainly reveals that he was highly talented. Some may be surprised by this. We have seen the consequences of Pollock's now famous innovations—thousands of Tachiste and Action canvases crudely and arbitrarily covered and 'attacked' with paint. We have heard the legend of Pollock's way of working: the canvas on the floor, the paint dripped and flung on to it from tins; the delirium of the artist's voyage into the unknown, etc. We have read—and I have often quoted them here—the pretentious incantations written around the kind of painting he fathered. How surprising it is then to see that he was, in fact, a most fastidious, sensitive and 'charming' craftsman, with more affinities with an artist like Beardsley than with a raging iconoclast.

All his best canvases here are large. One stands in front of them and they fill one's field of vision: great walls of silver, pink, new gold, pale blue nebulæ seen through dense skeins of swift dark or light lines. It is true that these pictures are not composed in the Renaissance sense of the term; they have no focal centre for the eye to travel towards or away from. They are designed as continuous surface patterns which are perfectly unified without the use of any obvious repeating motif. Nevertheless their colour, their consistency of gesture, the balance of their tonal weights all testify to a natural painter's talent, and incidentally also to the fact that Pollock's method of working allowed him in relation to what he wanted to do, as much control as, say, the Impressionist method allowed the Impressionists.

Pollock, then, was unusually talented and his paintings can delight the sophisticated eye. If they were turned into textile design or wallpapers they might also delight the unsophisticated eye. (It is only the sophisticated who can enjoy an isolated, single quality removed from any normal context and pursued for its own sake—in this case the quality of abstract decoration.) But can one leave the matter there?

It is impossible. Partly because his influence as a figure standing for something more than this is now too pressing a fact to ignore, and partly because his paintings must also be seen—and were probably intended—as images. What is their content, their meaning? A well-known museum curator whom I saw in the gallery, said 'They're *so* meaningful'. But this, of course, was an example of the way in which qualitative words are now foolishly and constantly stood on their heads as everybody commandeers the common vocabulary for their unique and personal usage. These pictures are meaningless. But the way in which they are so is significant.

Imagine a man brought up from birth in a white cell so that he has never seen anything except the growth of his own body. And then imagine that suddenly he is given some sticks and bright paints. If he were a man with an innate sense of balance and colour harmony, he would then, I think, cover the white walls of his cell as Pollock has painted his canvases. He would want to express his ideas and feelings about growth, time, energy, death, but he would lack any vocabulary of seen or remembered visual images with which to do so. He would have nothing more than the gestures he could discover through the act of applying his coloured marks to his white walls. These gestures might be passionate and frenzied but to us they could mean no more than the tragic spectacle of a deaf mute trying to talk.

I believe that Pollock imaginatively, subjectively, isolated himself almost to that extent. His paintings are like pictures painted on the inside walls of his mind. And the appeal of his work, especially to other painters, is of the same character. His work amounts to an invitation: Forget all, sever all, inhabit your white cell and – most ironic paradox of all – discover the universal in your self, for in a one-man world you are universal!

I have said before that *the* problem for the Western artist is to find themes for his art which can connect him with his public. (And by a theme I do not mean a subject as such but the developing significance found in a subject.) At first Pollock was influenced by the Mexicans and by Picasso. He borrowed stylistically from them and was sustained by their fervour, but try as he might he could not take over their themes because they were simply not applicable to his own view of his own social and cultural situation. Finally in desperation he made his theme the impossibility of finding a theme. Having the ability to speak, he acted dumb. (Here a little like James Dean.) Given freedom and contacts, he condemned himself to solitary confinement in the white cell. Possessing memories and countless references to the outside world, he tried to lose them. And having jettisoned everything he could, he tried to preserve only his consciousness of what happened at the moment of the act of painting.

If he had not been talented this would not be clear; instead one would simply dismiss his work as incompetent, bogus, irrelevant. As it is, Jackson Pollock's talent did make his work relevant. Through it one can see the disintegration of our culture, for naturally what I have described was not a fully conscious and deliberate personal policy; it was the consequence of his living by and subscribing to all our profound illusions about such things as the role of the individual, the nature of history, the function of morality.

And perhaps here we have come to something like an answer to my original question. If a talented artist cannot see or think beyond the de-

cadence of the culture to which he belongs, the situation is as extreme as ours, his talent will only reveal negatively but unusually vividly the nature and extent of that decadence. His talent will reveal, in other words, how it itself has been wasted.

JOHN BERGER

Stravinsky's Threni

As there will be no performance of *Threni* here until next June, I thought that readers might like an interim report on this latest work of Stravinsky's and so went over to Paris to hear the performance organised by the Domaine Musical. Alas, 'organised' proved to be too large a word altogether, for the solo singers had evidently been given too little time to learn their parts, the choir was amateur, and in short, what we heard was a disgrace to the Domaine Musical and an insult to a great composer. After this travesty I decided to wait till next summer, for it is asking for trouble to judge such a work on the basis of mere reading and of an execution so grossly inaccurate as that at the Salle Pleyel. Fortunately, however, I was able to find a recording of the performance recently given in Brussels, and this, despite an accompaniment of shipping signals and of two or three faint layers of other music, gave me a sufficient notion of the actual sound of the work to make a brief report worth risking.

Though the idea of *Threni* probably came to him through studying Tallis's *Lamentations*, Stravinsky's conception is so different that no useful purpose would be served by comparing the two works. Indeed they bear little relation to each other even in their choice of text, for Tallis limits himself to the first five verses of Chapter I, while Stravinsky tries to encompass the full range of the Lamentations by setting no fewer than fifty-six verses from three different chapters. He ends with the prayer of Jeremiah and makes the *Sensus Spei* a dramatic climax at the centre of the work.

There will certainly be those who find *Threni* dry and remote, and who may be reminded of Hanslick's remark that, where art is concerned, the wisdom of old age lies mostly in negative virtues: in denial, avoidance and self-limitation. I think Stravinsky would express this aspect of his new work by saying that it is music 'not to be loved, but followed'; and this might be interpreted to mean, in technical language, that *Threni* is conceived in terms of intervals rather than of functional harmony. The larger connections are there, and one can hear and enjoy them, but it is polyphony in the medieval sense that comes first and that constitutes a difficulty for anyone who cannot appreciate Machaut or Dufay. The ordinary listener will find *Threni* forbidding because he will miss some of the cherished ingredients of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century works. But once one begins to 'follow', the music of *Threni* becomes more and more exhilarating. Stravinsky has achieved the extraordinary feat of tying himself down to canons and double canons, inversions and retrogrades, this and that combination of the twelve-note series, and at the same time expressing the text with such imagery that one *sees* the wailing and trembles beneath him who 'crushes under his feet all the prisoners of the earth'. Stravinsky would naturally not speak of this, or of the impulse which led him to mark one passage *dolente*, another *mesto*, another *vociferando*. But it is the inspired conjunction of restrictive techniques and dramatic power which gives *Threni* such strength. And perhaps also an element of contradiction. No one could forget

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MEDWAY TOWNS
Rainham Co-op Hall 24th November 7.30 p.m.
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JULIAN CRITCHLEY v. COL. GEOFFREY TAYLOR

GREENWICH
Congregational Hall, Bramshot Avenue
25th November 8 p.m.
MARGARET CURWEN
DR. RACHEL HUNTER

MAIDENHEAD
Town Hall 25th November 7.45 p.m.
MICHAEL HOWARD
ANTOINETTE PIRIE

BURNT OAK
Wesley Central Hall 27th November 8 p.m.
DR. D. G. ARNOTT
HARRY KNIGHT

SLOUGH
Co-op Restaurant 27th November 7.30 p.m.
REV. SIDNEY HINKES
DR. M. KAUFMAN
BENN LEVY

CHELTENHAM
St. Mary's Hall 28th November 8 p.m.
Debate
MAJOR W. W. HICKS BEACH, M.P.
v.
REV. JOSEPH McCULLOCH

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA
Liberal Hall, Clarence Road
28th November 8 p.m.
APRIL CARTER
DIANA COLLINS
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the perfect simplicity of the closing pages, yet they arise from the most complex manipulation of the series in the whole work.

In *Threni* Stravinsky appears to have taken a great step forward in his mastery of serial writing. The previous works were masterly too, and they were pure Stravinsky, because everything he touches becomes his. But they carried less resonance than *Threni*, and seemed sometimes ill at ease. Now he restricts himself with sovereign freedom. One observes a great deal of note-repetition in the laying out of the series, and a constant retracing of intervals or of whole phrases; also, very often a most subtle rhythmic equilibrium between the voices, which enables the music to go on and on without grounding. Many long passages in *Threni* have in fact no barlines at all, and would not tolerate any; the conductor has to give a beat only for the convenience of the performers.

One remarkable aspect of *Threni* is the setting of the Hebrew letters – Aleph, Beth, and so on – which precede each verse of the Lamentations except in the final prayer. How easily these letters could have become a feature that everyone dreaded! Yet Stravinsky lavishes all his invention on them; they provide moments of the purest beauty, they connect from one to another, they help to articulate the musical structure, and they give the listener a better chance to assimilate the intervening passages.

These are only the merest jottings, naturally; but in view of the performance that will take place here next summer I hope they may be of interest. I would like to have said something about the total design and the use of reprise; about the orchestra which includes a flügelhorn and a sarrusophone and is never heard at more than two-thirds strength; about the melodic outlines, which have moved far away from Webern and give an overriding importance to fourths and fifths; and about the texture, which is as various as in all Stravinsky's best works and, as usual, something never before imagined. Perhaps there will be an opportunity next June. Meanwhile, may the Paris *débâcle* serve as a warning to those who will perform *Threni* over there. It is difficult, very difficult, but – as the Brussels recording shows – by no means impossible; and the reward of a good performance will be a truly great experience for all those who hear it.

WILLIAM GLOCK

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

To the Editor of the New Statesman

Sir,—It is about time that Mr. Hugh Thomas was stopped.

When he was about to publish his disgraceful first novel *The World's Game*, a friend of mine (a man of some importance in the Establishment) wrote to protest. This warning Mr. Thomas ignored in the most cavalier fashion. What was worse, the critics of this once great country gave almost unanimous praise to his crypto-seditious effusion. In your own journal, sir, a certain Mr. Walter Allen was moved to describe it as 'a bomb of a book.'

Mr. Thomas has now turned his discreditable attention to the field of industry and arms production, in a novel which he calls *The Oxygen Age* and which was published yesterday. I will not speak, sir, of his scurrilous attacks upon myself: but when he has the temerity to assert that the leaders of our public life and the captains of our great industries are as fallible, as credulous and as gullible as the common mass of men—then, sir, it is time to cry halt.

I understand from the publishers, Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, that thousands of copies of *The World's Game* have been sold. I trust that, in the matter of *The Oxygen Age*, the British public will shew more of its customary restraint.

I am, sir

Yours etc.,

MORTLAKE

Living Ghosts

'POOR old *Ghosts*', someone remarked, hearing that it was to be revived at the Old Vic. 'A couple of shots of penicillin would clear that up in no time.' It is, perhaps, quite a common assumption that Ibsen's social plays have lost their force with the years; the emancipation of women has dished *The Doll's House* and the advance of medicine has dispelled the ghosts. This is to overlook two things. First and most important, it is to overlook that Ibsen is as a story-teller unequalled; the technique he invented has not yet been bettered. So cunning is he in the unpeeling of his narrative layer by layer until at last we reach the naked centre of his subject, that even if you know a play backwards, he still has the power of holding you completely in his grip.

Then, again he was primarily a poet. His mind worked in symbols, and the hereditary disease, if it no longer works as medical science, still works as symbol. And there is yet a third thing. True, Ibsen was one of the great European liberators of the nineteenth century; but the reforming element in his work, on which the progressives of his day naturally seized, was only a superficial aspect of it. If he had been only a progressive – leading the contemporary *Universities and Left Review* group so to speak – then indeed his work might have been superseded by the onward movement of the progress he had been advocating. That is the fate of progressive artists who are only progressive.

But Ibsen was a profound artist, too, always seeing the one layer deeper. *Ghosts* is not a demonstration in story form of the biblical saying that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children: nor of the fact that worm-eaten ideas corrupt life. These are incidentals. As a work of art it re-creates the voyage of spiritual discovery that Mrs Alving makes into self-knowledge.

When the play opens she is already as far on as the average progressive of her day might have been. She knows that she has been living in a whited sepulchre. She is sick of the pretences, and pours out her bitterness on Pastor Manders, exposing the reality of life with her husband: his debauches and her covering of them up; his natural child, serving her now as the maid Regina: her keeping all this from her son and the world. But there is a certain smugness about this, a self-righteousness. She is able to show up the hypocrisy of the conventional view; but it is an easy victory, and she herself has not yet in fact moved out of the moral system from which that hypocrisy springs. The building of the orphanage in memory of her husband is proof enough that she still moves and acts within it. She is still filled with bitterness at what has been done to her and contempt and hatred for the man who did it. And it was because she was stuck in that system that she sent Oswald away to prevent his knowing the truth, and applied the characteristic period technique to the treatment of illegitimate girls, namely giving her a place as a servant. The fruits of her moral blindness or cowardice are now to be gathered when, through the dining-room doors, she hears the son of that husband making a pass at the daughter of that very maid whom the husband seduced. History repeats itself. But it is not so much the father's sins that are being visited on the child – but hers.

That appalling discovery of her own responsibility for the present situation is the heart of the story of *Ghosts*. When Mrs Alving makes the imaginative leap that tells her that her own husband was once an eager boy filled with the joy of life and that the moral system turned him into what he became and that she herself was its instrument, then for the first time, and for only a brief moment, she has found her true self.

I do not myself feel that this line of development is quite as clearly drawn in the present Old Vic production as it should be. In any performance by Miss Flora Robson you can, of course, be sure of certain high qualities. She is, to start with, pre-eminently a spiritual actress, to use an unfashionable word, one to whom the tortures of the conscience are native ground. She habitually conveys them in her acting in general terms, so that her Mrs Alving is convincing from the very outset. I only feel that the particular terms of this conflict are not sufficiently pointed. On the other hand there are moments of great and touching beauty: the vision of the ghosts from the past in the first act, and the climax which is as moving as it could possibly be. Mr Ronald Lewis, the Oswald, is excellent here; indeed he manages the whole of his small but difficult part admirably.

More debatable is Mr Michael Hordern's handling of Pastor Manders. This is really now – like several of the Ibsen parts, Gregers Werle in *The Wild Duck* or even Rosmer perhaps – a virtual impossibility today. We have moved too far from the climate in which such a one was conceivable. It is the one bit of *Ghosts* which *has* dated. Mr John Fernald the director, who is a practised Ibsenite with a sure touch, has, wisely I think, accepted the fact that Pastor Manders inevitably gets false laughs from an audience all the time today. Better to make them intentional ones. And Mr Hordern finds his own way of doing it with great cleverness. I dare say, all the same, that this makes it a great deal more difficult for Miss Robson. The two small roles are not up to these three. But Mr Neill Hobson has found an ingenious solution for the difficulties of mounting this kind of play on an apron stage, and if the cost is making the scene a little too churchy, that can't be helped.

T. C. WORSLEY

Jam Too Late

SPOKESMEN for commercial television and its critics have been engaged in argument about the times at which serious programmes are broadcast. Large claims are made about the number of these programmes. Ah, say the critics, but they only come on late at night, when most viewers have gone to bed. This, in turn, is denied: according to the ITA's latest *Annual Report* (1957-58, Stationery Office, 3s 6d), 'the companies . . . increased not only their total output of serious programmes but also the number of such programmes in the hours of peak viewing'.

Be that as it may – and the point ought to be provable, one way or the other, by a thorough analysis of the various regional editions of the

TV Times – the pressure of the advertisers' demand for a maximum audience does tend, on the whole, to hold these 'minority' programmes back till the last hour or so of the night's viewing. There is a constant restless rejigging of schedules; and if, by a fluke, some exceptionally intelligent programme does turn up on ITV between 7 and 10 p.m., within a few weeks or months it is almost sure to have been relegated to a later hour.

The point is well illustrated by the case of one programme about which ITA chose specially to boast in this Report – there called 'a monthly "peak hour" series on the visual arts conducted by Sir Kenneth Clark'. Sir Kenneth has resumed this series, *Is Art Necessary?*, and, as the former Chairman of ITA, he might be thought to carry some weight around Television House. No: his name and skill are used to bolster ITV's side in the peak-hour argument, but his programme was broadcast last Monday at 10.15 p.m. – the really peak hours being reserved for *Mr District Attorney, Shadow Squad, Keep it in the Family, Wagon Train,* and *Living It Up*.

Sir Robert Fraser is apt, a bit demagogically, to accuse of undemocratic lack of faith in the British people those who question the absolute application of the principle of giving-the-public-what-it-wants. It seems to me, on the contrary, the programme-companies who sometimes underestimate the viewers' capacity for enjoying something different from *Mr District Attorney*, etc. For Sir Kenneth's programme on Monday was not only excellently done (he has become an assured and relaxed TV performer): it was also about a subject with topical popular appeal – the enormous prices paid recently for modern French pictures. This is a subject which mass-circulation newspapers, at any rate, have thought worth considerable space; and, since a discussion of it is concerned with money at least as much as with art, there was surely a chance that the LCMs would not have switched off automatically. Sir Kenneth spoke of the gullibility of rich men *vis-à-vis* art-dealers and of picture-collecting as a means of social climbing for 'rough, piratical' millionaires in America (rather as racehorse-owning is in England). Whether people ought to have so much money, he said, was another question which it would not be in good taste to discuss on ITV. But he spoke with genuine feeling of the quasi-religious excitement of looking at great pictures, and emphasised that you don't have to be rich to own works of art, showing us a Rembrant etching that he had bought for £8 and a Greek coin that you could 'get for a few pounds, carry in your waistcoat-pocket and feel on your way to work – which is more than Mr Mellon can do with his Cézanne'. If only there were a *Viewer* as well as a *Listener*, this talk ought to be printed in it. It was interrupted by a crudely vulgar, almost blasphemous, commercial – Santa Claus with an ecclesiastical-sounding choir hymning the praises of Hoover cleaners.

Again, Dr Bronowski's *New Horizon* programme, which was shown at 10.15 on Tuesday, might well have been shown at a time when children could have watched it with their parents. He said how bad, on the whole, the teaching of mathematics is, and showed, with piles of matches and sweets, what fun it can be.

Dan Farson's investigations of *People in Trouble* are a more arguable case. They teach tolerance and give hope to those in similar trouble, and nobody could be bored by them; but perhaps 10.45 was the right time for last Tuesday's exceptionally painful edition, about disfigured women, which was saved only by Mr Farson's unfailing tact and unflinching grave friendliness (and by the cheerfulness and prettiness of a once-disfigured girl). We were shown twisted faces in metal scaffolding, and told about the sewing-on and subsequent refrigeration of fingers. . . .

By contrast with ITV, the BBC puts some of its best stuff on too *early* for most viewers – in the women's programmes. I was astonished recently to see that someone had called these 'an insult to women's intelligence': his women must insult easily. *Wednesday Magazine*, for instance, has recently shown these items: John Berger on housewives' art, Flora Robson discussing poetry with Elizabeth Jennings, exclusive film of a tribe in Baluchistan, extract from *The Cranes are Flying*, with comment by Dilys Powell. Lady Barnett, too, is as competent a consumers' guide through the jungle of kitchen machinery as she is paramount in *What's My Line?*.

TOM DRIBERG

Oh Lord, It's British

A BAD week, as things are, when there are only British films to be seen. Our long hope, Guinness's *The Horse's Mouth* – though it has already collected a prize at Venice and acclaim in New York – is delayed here until February: it's said, to qualify for Royal Performance. I hear from Paul Rotha that his modest and promising *Cat and Mouse*, though available last March, has not yet secured a booking. Meanwhile we have to put up with what I suppose is pre-Christmas fare: two thrillers and a farce, all antiquated.

Let's accept, as the fact that it is, the flight from the screen, the fireside mood that prefers Great Old Movies on a TV Saturday night to the new

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thing round the corner. The trouble about the new thing, so far as British films are concerned, is that it's years out of date. Here we are still – in the best of these three films to be considered – running away like mad and trying to imitate Hollywood. Wouldn't you have said that the time for that was, say, forty years ago? Not a bit, in the mind of the British producer: *Floods of Fear* (Gaumont) is a fake American thriller, which makes extensive use of last year's floods as caught by the newsreel cameras. Of course, that is only background; 'story' must be piled on; there must be romance, murder, near-rape, the fight to the death, as swirling waters mount higher; and so admirable an actor as Cyril Cusack must lend himself to the idiocy of simulating a drama that belongs to Hollywood. What appeals about the film is, of course, the factual background, the waters to the horizon, the punts or rafts, two chickens hunched on a log, and wherever the scriptwriter adds to this situation and doesn't merely intrude on it. Unfortunately he intrudes far more than he adds, bringing into the same besieged house a handsome muscular convict wrongly convicted of murder, a refined girl waiting for just such, another convict of the pawing, whining, and knifing order, and a gaoler to make up the foursome. I won't bother you with the plot which, though stark, is the least impressive part of the affair. The waters, well filmed, exert a sway; and would do more if the general plight of people, cattle, and landscape had been given their due preponderance. But then there might have been no strong-man stuff; and a good thing too!

The second thriller, *The Two-headed Spy* (Marble Arch Odeon), scampers off into worse absurdity; Jack Hawkins as a Nazi General who, though a British spy, has attained that eminence by thirty years' service in the German army. He looks and behaves exactly like Jack Hawkins. The only reason why he wasn't found out long ago is that all the German general staff are also thoroughly British, that Hitler (only glimpsed from a wave of the arm from behind a chair-back) obviously came from Sutton, and whenever a German newspaper is shown to us its main headline, for our understanding, is in English while all the surrounding columns are in German. No wonder, then, that Hawkins battles through, and that he – not Monty – won the war. The first object of a thriller is to thrill, which this one does only mildly. The duty of a film which dedicates itself to those who died in the service of Intelligence and to a real Colonel Scotland, is to respect the facts and rise to the hardness of the theme. This *The Two-headed Spy* doesn't even attempt to do.

I Only Arsked (Plaza) is the old *Army Game* from TV, but sprouting from long ago and rigged out with an infantile plot which would have looked odd even in the time of *Alf's Button*. As a chance looker-in on *The Army Game*, which does pack some laughs into its half-hour, I find this obsolete offshoot dispiriting. To go back in a series that has gone forward, to drag us off to a Sahara of farce about harems and potentates, whereas the lure of this gang is that they belong to a particular army hut at home, seems to me the denial of wit and entertainment. I've no doubt it will pass with the box-offices, and British films will drop yet another peg.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Encounter

Don't miss the December issue of ENCOUNTER, just out—it's packed with good things. There's a long extract from Arthur Koestler's forthcoming book *The Sleepwalker* ("A History of man's changing vision of the Universe"); "The Last Days of Joe McCarthy" by Richard Rovere; "After Notting Hill" by Dan Jacobson; Raymond Aron and Germaine Tillion on the French political scene; a reassessment of D'Annunzio by Anthony Rhodes; Stephen Spender's "Warsaw Impressions"; D. J. Enright's amusing experiences as an English teacher in Bangkok. 96 pages of absorbing reading. . . .

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TAYLOR ON WOLFENDEN

SIR,—A. J. P. Taylor's tigerish geniality of approach, which is admirable when it is backed by knowledge or imagination, has run away with him about the Wolfenden recommendations on prostitution. He is a man and he lives, I expect, in a street free of prostitutes. I am a man and I live in a street which is crowded with them. I don't in the least mind this, except on high moral grounds which one can't keep up all the time, like minding about evil itself. I don't even mind too much clearing up the contraceptives out of the garden. Generally, as he says, the tarts are quiet, friendly, well-dressed, and sometimes pretty.

But what he doesn't seem to have heard about or imagined is the point of view of a woman or a young girl who lives in a prostitute area. It is not the tarts who are such a nuisance that one wants to sweep the whole trade off the streets and on to the telephone; it is their clients. It is no fun for any woman to be pursued by a drunken or importunate lecher who mistakes her for a tart, but for a girl of 14 or so it is perfectly terrifying. I have three daughters; at present they are too young to be much interested in sex. But when the time comes I shall not have the least objection to explaining to them that that is a tart, and what a tart is. What I do want to avoid is having either to make them dress in gym tunics and pigtails in the evening, or else meet them at the tube station, in order to avoid their being harassed by the clients and filled up with all sorts of phobias about sex in general.

It is not only hypocrites and prudes who back the move to clean up the streets and have a call-girl system like New York; it is also the men and women who are faced with the concrete day-by-day difficulties of bringing up a family in a prostitute area. This is a sectional interest, I know. But there are five or six miles of streets in central London now where the tarts work and their clients importune women walking alone, among them the Bayswater Road, Notting Hill Gate, Holland Park Avenue, Knightsbridge, and the Commercial Road, which are residential, not bright-light streets. Do all the families there have to move out?

WAYLAND YOUNG

100 Bayswater Road, W2

SIR,—I read with astonishment Mr A. J. P. Taylor's sentences in his London Diary: 'I can see no case for relaxing the penalties on sex-maniacs. Their cure is a matter of indifference to me'. It is difficult to imagine a more crudely anti-social sentiment. The only sure way of averting the suffering caused by the actions of what Mr Taylor calls 'sex maniacs' is precisely by curing them before they offend. Nor does it seem particularly civilised to declare oneself indifferent to the cure of the mentally sick. As well announce oneself indifferent to the cure of a tuberculosis sufferer who has infected a child or of a bus-driver who, during a mental black-out, has run over a woman.

To judge from Mr Taylor's efforts for nuclear disarmament he is capable of being moved by humane and rational motives. But where certain of his primordial feelings are concerned, or when (as one suspects in this instance) his ignorance is considerable enough he can evidently be both irrational and inhumane.

DERRICK SINGTON

Oxford and Cambridge University Club
Pall Mall, SW1

THE JUST WAR?

SIR,—A. J. P. Taylor's outburst of sentimentality about Remembrance Sunday has led him into some very strange comments. The Second World War 'was a war of the people', he writes, and goes on to assert that from the moment the war started 'we have nothing to reproach ourselves with'. Yet it was this people's war which involved 'obliteration bombing' of the German people; it was this people's war which used the atom bomb against the Japanese people, in spite of the fact that Mr Taylor's virtuous hero, Churchill, *knew* that the Japanese Ambassador in Moscow had indicated, through Stalin, that Japan was willing to make terms for capitulation. Mr Taylor finds no grounds for reproach in the inhuman and insane 'unconditional surrender' policy that led to the use of the A-bomb. He fails to see that the use of the A-bomb has led directly to the manufacture and threat of the H-bomb against which he is campaigning, as I understand, on moral grounds.

Stockpiling of H-bombs is a matter for reproach apparently, while the A-bomb which was actually used, is not. Well! Well!

SYBIL MORRISON

6 Apollo Place, SW10

BANKS AND UNIONS

SIR,—It is always a pleasure to be corrected by Lord Pakenham, even though his letter distils the subtleties of a Hibernian mist. Joint-stock banks are the 'Big Five' so far as most people in this country are concerned. Of these five, Barclays recognise the National Union of Bank Employees; the other four do not. I am sorry that a Labour peer should, through a scholarly zest for accuracy, obscure this simple issue.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Magdalen College
Oxford

SIR,—There is no 'trade union shop' among the clearing banks although The National Bank comes probably nearest to it. There is no staff association in that bank, the National Union of Bank Employees has been recognised for years, a very large number of the staff are in voluntary membership, and there are business-like relations between the bank and the union. In Barclays, the biggest bank in the country, the union is recognised and there, too, relations between the employers and the union are on a reasonable basis.

However, we had the feeling that Mr Taylor really meant to draw attention to the general position which

is most unsatisfactory. Though this union has now over 50,000 bank employees in membership, it is denied general recognition and negotiations with all clearing banks except the two mentioned above. Almost without exception the banks hide behind internal staff associations, which are encouraged by the employers and in many cases receive direct or indirect subsidies from them.

The situation in the Midland Bank is particularly deplorable. Here a staff association was re-created with the support of the then chairman only five years ago, after the original association had dissolved as a self-confessed failure. The new association has an appreciably smaller membership than the union among the staff of Midland Bank, yet the union has so far been unsuccessful in its endeavours to obtain recognition.

The union management relations in the banking service as a whole are shocking, and the more searching public interest becomes the better. In that respect, the comments of both Mr A. J. P. Taylor and Lord Pakenham are most valuable and welcome.

WALTER N. BERNARD
The National Union of Bank Employees
28 Old Queen Street, SW7

SPORT IN THE MODERN WORLD

SIR,—J. P. W. Mallalieu's article 'Sport in the Modern World' is a valuable contribution to the present struggle which is being waged to make our society conscious of the importance of sport.

Do we really know what we want, however? One would welcome suggestions for a programme of development concerned with the provision of swimming pools, athletics stadia, playing fields, and indoor fitness centres. Without these basic provisions there can be no overall plan for sports development at higher levels. Firm proposals are needed; proposals which recommend that each community of, say, 10,000 souls should have its own centre for physical activity, that work should start immediately, and that the first stage should be completed within two years. 1960 would be a good time on which to focus attention, since the next Olympic Games will be held in that year.

The great problem is always finance. Limitations on expenditure limit ideas; and this is a pity, for sport can be an excellent patron of the arts—the architectural beauties of the Rome and Helsinki stadia are testimonies to this. The stadium in these cities, and in numerous others, is the sports centre, the headquarters for the sports movement in the district. It is not the preserve of greyhounds or motor cycles; it is owned and maintained by the community. Those large football clubs in Manchester, Wolverhampton and Newcastle, which have recently announced their future expansion in the direction of improved facilities might note the manner in which a football club can build a stadium suitable for use by a number of different sports

Apart from the wealth of these large football organisations, there is the question of profits on football pools. Greece is the most recent European country to make use of such profits for the general good of sport—often these foreign 'coupons' are based on the English football league! How ironical that our own pools, with a turnover of something more than £80 million (and taxed to the tune of some £20 million), are not concerned at all with ploughing back some of their vast profits into some of the projects I have outlined.

The idea of a national sports council is one which is finding favour in many sports circles. Such a council, suitably empowered and financed, could do much to rejuvenate sports development and organisation in our own country. No doubt the Wolfenden Committee is aware of this and other suggestions. Perhaps the author of 'Sport in the Modern World' can keep things moving at parliamentary level by joining with his colleagues, Elaine Burton, Norman Dodds, P. B. Lucas, Philip Noel Baker and others who, by their questions in the House, and their writing and broadcasting, have shown some interest in this problem. Local sections of a national sports council could tackle the problem of creating community centres for fitness and enable voluntary sports organisations to function more efficiently. Sportsmen, for their part, can continue to work sensibly for urgent improvements in their sports administrations. Industry can help by joining with education to create joint facilities for factories and schools, and the commercial sports enterprises might consider how they could play a better part than they now do. Ideas are never useless; and, although I write in a purely personal capacity, I should be glad to receive suggestions from any NEW STATESMAN reader and pass them on to relevant authoritative bodies.

D. W. J. ANTHONY
Department of Physical Education
Loughborough College
Loughborough

THOUGHT CONTROL AT THE BBC

SIR,—I wonder why Mr Driberg is so suspicious of editorial control. Can this be due to some recent experience of your restraining hand?

Mr Driberg mentioned in his article in your last issue that I was expelled from Nazi Germany. My objections to 'thought control' in any form are just as strong now as they were then.

So are my objections to inaccurate reporting. I should be very surprised if anybody in the BBC told Mr Driberg that 'any script relating to current affairs must be cleared in advance' with my office. In any case it is completely untrue, as any producer concerned could have told him. We are journalists dealing with news and a very wide range of current affairs programmes in sound and television and if I (or my chief assistant) read all current affairs scripts in advance or even discussed the choice of all those to be interviewed and all the panels to interview them our affairs would soon cease to be current.

Mr Driberg objected to what he had heard of one of my editorial decisions. He mentioned that his information did not come to him from anybody con-

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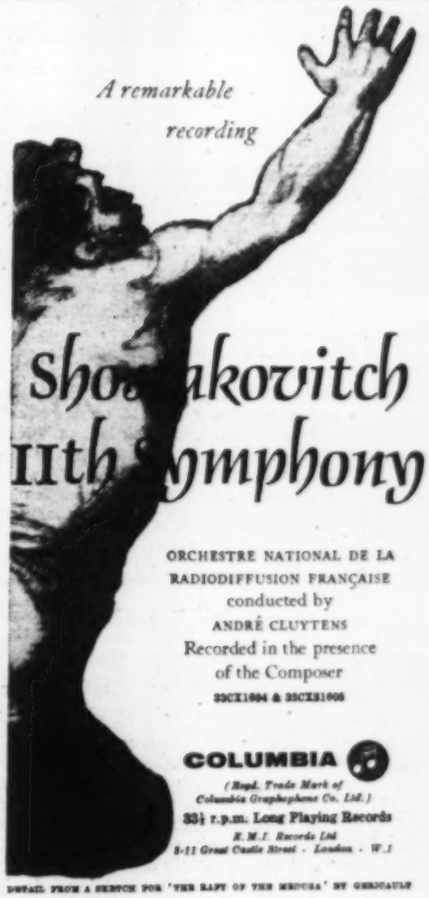

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cerned with the programme in question—which no doubt explains why his version of what occurred is far from complete.

I am afraid that Mr Driberg's whole picture of life in the BBC is flawed by basic inaccuracies which are really rather surprising in a journalist of his experience.

H. CARLETON GREENE
Director of News and Current Affairs
Broadcasting House
London, W1

[Tom Driberg writes: Despite the disclaimer which Mr Greene feels obliged to make, I can assure him that all my information on this matter came from trustworthy sources, which for obvious reasons I shall not name, inside the BBC.—Ed., *NS.*]

TRANSPORT IN TROUBLE

SIR,—Mr Davies is right so far as he goes, but he does not go anything like far enough. A planned and unified policy for transport, in all its aspects, is essential, but the planning and unification must go all the way.

There exists in this country a railway system, representing millions of pounds of capital investment, which was, even within my memory, second to none in the world; and any transport policy must be based on the fact that, by and large, the network of tracks still exists, and must continue to exist. There is no reason why the national economy should be strained by a gigantic scheme of road construction and improvement merely to duplicate a transport system that already exists; any policy for transport must make the railways its starting point; the whole conception of transport must be centred on the railways. Surely it is only stating the obvious to say that railways can carry more traffic, at greater speed, with less manpower, with greater safety, and at less cost to the national economy than can roads occupying the same acreage of land. Where carriage of passengers is concerned, comfort and general amenities are also superior in the railways' case. It is only necessary to plan all road transport services as feeders to the appropriate line of railway for our transport problems to be well on the way to solution.

It is a pity that, in an article so well thought out, Mr Davies has subscribed to two common fallacies. He says: 'Many lines that can never pay should be closed'; and, later in the same paragraph: 'Priority must be given to those schemes bringing quickest results, e.g., dieselisation before electrification'. Many a line which does not pay in the commercial sense of the word forms a vital alternative route should the usual line be blocked, or its working restricted, by accident, weather conditions, or repairs to the permanent way; while to close a line, at the some time providing 'alternative facilities' as Mr Davies suggests, represents no overall economy. Better provide small extra facilities to feed the line. As to dieselisation, this is not, as Mr Davies seems to imply, a universal panacea for bad services, lines that do not pay, and inadequate track layout. Where steam engines are fully capable of working the services required, there is nothing to be gained by withdrawing them until the electrification is complete.

J. R. GREEN
36 Pooley's Lane
Welham Green, Herts.

NOT-SO-HIDDEN PERSUADERS

SIR,—It was most interesting to learn from Mr Kinloch's letter that to refuse to advertise in special supplements results in no diminuation of goodwill. Several firms have stopped sending Christmas cards, with the same result; and the blank spaces on hoardings, flanked by posters advertising posters, suggest the discovery that goodwill is sustained when this method is discontinued. I do hope that the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers will pursue its investigations, for I suspect that many more media of publicity could be harmlessly abrogated. I would suggest pilot experiments with entertaining, stickers on shop-windows, banners and stands outside shops, space in telephone books, menus, programmes and public transport vehicles, and bar-furniture. We might even get to the point where goodwill continued unabated while we paid an economic price for newspapers whose contents were influenced by nothing but editorial policy.

MARGHANITA LASKI
Capo di Monte
Windmill Hill, NW3

UNITED STATES OF WEST AFRICA?

SIR,—At the end of the penultimate paragraph of my article last week, it appears that I am suggesting that the leaders of French Africa, or most of them, wish to form two or more large federated (I should have written 'federal') states whose relation with France would be of something of the same order as those of a *single* dominion with the Commonwealth. The word 'single', in this context, is misleading. The probability is that *each* of these federated states, if they are formed, would have 'dominion status'.

The immediate outlook, at the moment, is that most of the seven territories of French West Africa will delegate powers to a federal executive within the next six months. A parallel development in French Equatorial Africa, which has four territories, seems much less clear.

BASIL DAVIDSON
7 Woodlands Road, SW13

THE YERSHOV BROTHERS

SIR,—As Mrs Bostock implies, Kochetov's novel, *The Yershov Brothers*, does not deserve close textual criticism, and should certainly not be treated as a reference book for modern Russian thinking; but as she thinks my quotation misleading I should like to point out that it is not the ex-collaborator who raises the question whether it was the Russians or the British and Americans who defeated Hitler, but one of the factory workers. I am sure that today's Russians believe with the ex-collaborator Vorobeiny that victory was a joint effort. What I find significant in this novel is that so many thoroughly sensible and widely accepted ideas are put into the mouths of the 'negative' characters. One cannot help feeling that it was the author's intention to discredit these ideas.

YOUR MOSCOW CORRESPONDENT

F. W. L. ADAMS

SIR,—I am engaged in research on Francis William Lauderdale Adams (died 1893), English radical and close acquaintance of Henry Salt and Bernard Shaw. Adams is a significant figure in the early history of the Australian labour movement.

Any material your readers can make available to me will be handled carefully and promptly returned.

S. MURRAY-SMITH
Mount Eliza
Victoria
Australia

TOYS OF TODAY

SIR,—With the approach of Christmas it is gratifying to note that our toyshops are using sturdy common sense in their approach to the problem of obtaining toys which, while satisfying in themselves, have a contemporary, not to say topical, appeal. So I hail the appearance of a toy flick-knife, which is made of plastic and which flicks out its blade in an impressively realistic way when a catch is depressed. What could be better calculated to appeal to the boy of today? I trust that it will not be long before we see on the market foam-rubber knuckle-dusters and plastic imitations of broken bottles.

ALEX STEPHENSON
37 Highfield Road
South Shields
Co. Durham

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Rack

*The Rack** is an extraordinary, specialised novel about the experiences of a young man called Paul Davenant, tubercular patient at a sanatorium in the French Alps. One of the novel's dominant characters is a Doctor Bruneau who looks like a starved, ginger cat. He is considering Paul's books one day and says –

> 'Same old books – Proust, Stendhal, Dostoevsky. Not precisely what I would call *avant garde*. You're a century behind, *cher monsieur*. You see yourself in a décor of samovars and racing droshkys . . . . Can't you grasp that you are living in the world of a romantic young boy still at the lycée? Develop, grow up *cher monsieur*. Make yourself understand that you are separated from all these nineteenth-century neurotics by two wars and your own nearly mortal illness. Do you study politics? Have you any knowledge of political institutions? Are you preparing yourself for the future? . . .'

And so *The Rack* has nothing in common with *The Magic Mountain*, except the subject. There is no æsthetic, corrosive wish for death. Mr Ellis belongs to the mid-twentieth century because his subject is pain and because his hero is the anonymous victim. Individuality is there but it has diminished like the wild ass's skin to next to nothing under the pressure of Heaven knows what desire. For extinction? For nullity? Paul Davenant is modern man, sustained but annulled by a collective of some kind: the state, the army, the prisoners' camp, the party. In his specific case, the collective is the hospital – the hospital is a counter in inter-hospital politics and economic medicine; the commissars are the doctors whose careers are often in danger; he himself is an orphan, as isolated in his struggle with pain and his quest for healing as a character in Kafka.

Paul is even more a mid-twentieth-century figure because his fate is out of his own hands and because he conceives his own drama outside of any idea of meaning or belief. He sees life stoically, bleakly, egotistically, in scientific terms. Sensibility is under-pinned by knowledge. At the sanatorium he has a very touching and hopeless love-affair with a fellow patient who is as preposterously healed as he preposterously is not. His heart is broken in these terms:

> . . . . You must have your lung and pleura out. But before we consider the details there is a more immediate problem. The performance of an operation of this nature, presupposes the possession of one sound lung. Now your latest X-ray – forgive my bluntness – reveals your formerly sound lung to have relapsed. . . . You will appreciate that before anything radical can be attempted, the condition of what will be your remaining lung must be stabilised. Since you are resistant to the relevant antibiotics it will be a question of bed-rest, probably a year to eighteen months. Or, since there is some urgency in the matter it might be advisable to consider inducing a second pneumothorax.

These generalities can count as holidays from the detailed, daily process of the consumptive's struggle with a disease which assails him, allows him to recover, exposes him to other illnesses and then strikes him harder, deceiving him with hopes in order to increase the ensuing despair.

And what is the nature of life? Dr Bruneau has the ginger cat's view of it. He wishes the mouse he has caught no harm; indeed, he works for his total cure. He has detected in his patient a tremendous blind will to resist destruction, the worse the prospects become. Blind will is the life force. A wise patient, of course, identifies himself with his evil. It is quite a good idea for the patient to consider the lung punctures, drainings of fluid, the collapsing of lungs and removal of ribs under local anæsthetic, as a gamble or sport; alternatively to regard himself as an experiment of the gods. The fittest survive, but one must not be deluded into the belief that the fittest are the best. The body is the battlefield of the bacilli. Under them one is pinned down while the Lilliputians conduct their war:

> '. . . Reflect on the battle for supremacy going on night and day in your chest – ravenous hordes of rudimentary organisms gnawing their way to survival! The outcome could change the whole trend of evolution! We compliment ourselves that we are the end-product of evolutive life – look at the fate of the double-brained Diplodocus who lorded it over the earth for ten thousand times the length of historical time! For all we know the future of the world will be bacterial and I, in bringing my science to your aid, am retrogressive and anachronistic'. [Dr Bruneau] laughed in uninhibited delight at his capacity for intellectual paradox.

For Dr Bruneau is not a Peacockian, Huxleyian argument; he is a red-haired, long-necked, ugly man stuck up in the hard, brilliant, boring air of the Alps.

Mr Ellis's book is a novel, documentary to some extent, for its clinical detail is unremitting; but it has not the impersonal, journalistic blandness of documentary. On the other hand, it is a distorted novel, being the monologue, as it were, of one person's drama only. A true invalid, Paul is a conqueror draining the lives of others, insisting on the primacy of his own pain. But each stab of the needle, each buzz of the X-ray, each panic in the bedroom, is experienced by a creature, not by an imaginary camera. Mr Ellis has taken a repelling subject and has faced every aspect of it, taking us into the sufferer's fanatical mind, the ever-dwindling consciousness, the ever-hardening self-centred core to the seat of endurance and courage. We ourselves are hardened and excited, not only by the suspense of the issue, but by his continuous appetite for the battle. *The Rack* is the least optimistic and the least morbid of books. Without masochism, it is stoical; and this quality gives a freshening shock of pleasure for, looking up from the book to the doped life of our modern world which is stupefied by its tranquillisers, we recognise that – despite the drugs – the power of survival in people is private.

Mr Ellis's temper as a writer is true. Allowing for the self-centred harshness and for the foible of using far too much French, he is an excellent portrait sketcher. The gossiping, rumour-mongering-patients are noted. They are the 'rotten fruit'; many have been infected in the concentration camps. The doctors are well caught, in their tigerish health and in their professional intrigues. (There are deaths which must not be permitted at the wrong time, from the sanatorium's point of view; mistimed suicides dangerous to careers.) The early stages of the novel are concerned with hysterical rebellions against the bad food and the miserly cynic who is head of the institution. He is a master equipped with the whip of well-being, who easily fobs off the patients even when they assault him physically The food question is merely one element in a global strategy far outside the patients' grasp. The Pentagon and the Kremlin are simply sanatoria operating in other fields. Gradually certain characters take root. There is the sad, clever young Pole with whom Paul shares a room, who has spent his young life in sanatoria and glides silently to his death. There are the eccentrics who turn the terrible Christmas parties into horseplay. There is the fine and original comic creation of Desmond Beale, a drunken rebel from Cambridge and the RAF who comes out to visit Paul and whose plastered and endlessly resourceful energy, total unrepentance, and power of laughing, criminal inspiration, are the primitive Life Force in person. He gives away his money. He recoups by stealing a wallet from another drunk, kindly handing back some of the booty – this is an excellent comic scene – he has notions for confidence tricks on tourists; and when he is at last deported from France he treats the episode as a cheerful chance to recoil for the next untamed leap. His appearances almost kill Paul whose nerves are feeble, yet they inject vitality at the same time. Beale has got society by the short hairs. Another character is the French collaborator and womaniser Delmuth, a sadistic talker with the hands of a grocer, who boasts that he and his wife have worked for the Gestapo, and who pulls up the skirts of the nurses. He sets up as Paul's officious torturer, plaguing, taunting, sadistically confiding; he is the genial Nazi beast in person. But the sanatorium is the home of illusion. Delmuth commits suicide. It is revealed that he was never a collaborator, never worked for the Gestapo, was sexually impotent; the watch he boasted of stealing from a tortured Jewess was not so stolen. He had borrowed it from his wife, a poor, ugly woman who once worked in a remand home for girls.

'And this man', Paul reflected once, 'is my only friend in France'. Yet there is a point of normality in the book: a Belgian girl, Michèle. Paul's love-affair with this 17-year-old child is managed with remarkable truthfulness by Mr Ellis; here the book might have gone wrong and it does not. Their idyll is simple and unidealised. That she is more attached in love than he, and yet he the more desperate, is well-observed. The affair lives in its unpropitious surroundings: its inopportune separations, its sudden strokes of luck and its end, in which the matter is taken out of the lovers' own hands, are faithful to life and are not a novelist's over-purposive, over-projected day-dream. Throughout the book fidelity is Mr Ellis's virtue. The very opening chapter, which is a simple description of the steaming train ride into the high Alps at night,

* *The Rack*. By A. E. Ellis. *Heinemann*. 18s.

which notes the carriage light moving over the snow, the mixed luggage, the panic or the roaring heartiness of the travellers, had shown that Mr Ellis was a descriptive writer who absorbed everything and affected nothing. His talk in the canteen, in the cubicles and the doctors' rooms, has the same closeness to nature; and although the changing moods, now hopeful, now despairing, of a patient whose disease notoriously exposes him to extremes of feeling and then deposits him for hours in bitterness and lethargy, might be thought tedious, Mr Ellis skilfully variegates them so that every detail becomes eventful. He has known how to fasten his grip on the reader and to compel, without resort to theatrical themes.

One realises, after a time, how well the Alpine seasons have been insinuated by a few lines here and there; how well the town of sanatoria, with its false air of a fairground, has been worked in. The secret is that the scene has never been set; it is always picked out while the narrator is doing something of his own: an object lesson in the descriptive art. It is, for example, long after his arrival, that Paul takes his first walk and notices the place and in noticing its sights and sounds, marks for us and himself a stage of his journey in life. The sound of a train has to be learned again: 'a curious, disconcerting, utterly destructive sound – how was it that he had forgotten it? He stopped, closed his eyes, attempted to break down the concert of sound into its component parts: the noise of the diesel, the groaning of the couplings between the coaches, the click of the ratchets biting into the slotted tracks'. The eye for detail does not rest – how snow shallows the steps in the gardens; how (like the besieged) the invalids watch the thaw in the valley while, at their height, they are still clamped in by frost; how the cloud fields change; how the mists come suddenly round the ankles; how monstrous is the glazing Alpine sunrise as it destroys the shadows:

> And Paul, who asked for no more than the shadow, buried his head beneath his pillows to avoid the sight of the heartless illumination of the world. And he felt, like a blow upon his back, the utter indifference of nature for man. . . .

The passage holds something back, or shows, rather, that the book is enclosed in a greater mystery than the mystery of the battlefield:

> His sickness was of life, and he knew within him that that sickness had preceded the sickness of his body, rendering propitious the terrain of his lungs for the hosts of tubercles on which they now pastured.

He had, in some inexplicable moment, rejected life. We leave him, as we leave the unfinished *Castle* of Kafka, to face yet another attack, another throw in the game, another experiment of the gods. Perhaps it is the final battle of pride: to fight where there is – in his case – nothing to fight for except a life he does not want.

V. S. PRITCHETT

New, revised editions have appeared of Harold Acton's *The Last Medici* which first came out in 1932 (Methuen, 32s.); and of H. Harvey Wood's edition of the *Poems and Fables of Robert Henryson* (Oliver & Boyd, 21s.).

Proposals for a Poetic Revolution

I can praise no one but the simply wise and good,
whose words like savage conches haunt and ring
in an echoing dæmonic solitude
of the suffering and dead.

They fear no horrors worse than what has been,
but purge the images of their age and passion
as if into ridges of a pure and vague green
receding into rain.

And I can praise no mythical creatures,
breast-heavy Pomona or running Faunus,
no innocent monsters with half-human features:
only reason and nature.

But if when God envisioned Adam
some moonlight man with a weeping iron scythe
cut down those dreams of corn and of reason,
I praise this swathe and grain.

PETER LEVI SJ

Little Men

'Little men, at work, reconcile me to the great':
ALFIERI

Dogs barking. Men with guns.
The foul canal, brown-swollen by the rains,
Is lined with trigger-happy mothers' sons.
And not one simple man to clear the stinking
drains.

Above my window cockney-sparrows build . . .
Hard to doubt the gay congruities,
Hard to live without complacencies.
Things are just as bad as we were told.
These busy squatters seem accomplices –
Straw from a beak blurs the page as I write.
Out in the street this morning there was a fight.
One of the men fell jerking in a fit.
I took my watching white-face on my well-shod
feet
Down to my garden gate.
One barefoot watcher looked at me and spat.

Well, build from spittle and sparrow-straw
bricks for a song!
Why, when it is impossible to Belong,
Do all of us long for that more than anything?
Perhaps to write and rhyme a sense of loss
Makes one isolation briefly less.
Steel-helmets make that seem ridiculous.

Not for us a quasi-romantic State of War
We hardly notice now we live with fear.
If little lights were little one by one
Could any of Europe's bonfires have lasted for
long?
But who has words to say all that again?

Meanwhile the dogs are barking. Sentries yawn.
Someone, somewhere, switches the street-lights
on.
Domestic sparrows end where they began.
We must leave tomorrow to the morning.
Perhaps tomorrow we shall wake up grown.
For if some bayonet or bomb cuts short the
growing,
We know that nobody's better off, and that's
worth knowing.

Djakarta, 1957. P. J. KAVANAGH

Songs of Oh! Dear, Oh! Dear

The Opium War Through Chinese Eyes. By ARTHUR WALEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 21s.

The war of 1839-42 against the Chinese was one of the most successful and discreditable of those Little Wars by which our Victorian ancestors expanded their trade and extended their 'Empire', and which they justified to their consciences as a means of bringing the blessings of Christianity to the benighted heathen. In the case of China, opium ranked higher than the Gospel on the list of Christian imports. We needed their tea and silk, and they needed nothing at all from us in exchange; so we coaxed the Southern Chinese into the habit of smoking opium, and then proceeded to satisfy their addiction from the poppy fields of India at considerable profit. The trade was illegal, but drug addicts are not in a condition to respect legal regulations. When the Chinese Emperor found his subjects becoming too demoralised and sent an incorruptible non-smoking Commissioner to Canton to stamp out the noxious traffic, we retaliated by sending the Navy and an expeditionary force from India to blow the Chinese to blazes and teach them Christian manners. As a perquisite we annexed Hong Kong, exacted an indemnity, and established extra-territorial rights for ourselves in five Chinese ports; and, of course, we continued with the opium trade.

Several Englishmen who took part in this unequal struggle wrote about their experiences long ago, but this splendid book provides the first view of the same events, from the opposite side. Mr Waley has selected from the *Corpus of Material about the Opium War* (published in 1955 in Shanghai) a number of eye-witness accounts of hostilities and translated them with a commentary in his inimitable prose. It is pathetically obvious that even the most highly educated Chinese in 1839 had no notion of Western so-called civilisation: they regarded Europeans like men from Mars and could only guess at their psychology and mode of life. Commissioner Lin, whose diary Mr Waley prints, thought he could bring the English to heel by putting an embargo on all foreign shipping at Canton. He reasoned that the main exports from China were tea, silk and rhubarb, and that if these were resolutely denied to his enemies they would inevitably perish from constipation. Another ingenious method invented for winning the war was for patriotic fishermen to swim under the English ships and bore holes in their bottoms; but the scheme foundered on the Chinese delight in poetical exaggeration. Their champion divers proved unable to substantiate the claim to be able to stay under water two or three hours without breathing. Another poetical failing proved even more of a handicap. Whenever Chinese were in action a victory had traditionally to be reported to higher authority; and as the report mounted the ladder of officialdom, so did the victory. It is not surprising to learn that after a succession of Chinese defeats the Emperor in Peking was marking despatches: 'For me only the one word "annihilation" exists!'

Songs of Oh! Dear Oh! Dear, an account of his own part in the campaign composed by a patriotic volunteer, apart from the simple eloquence of the style (and that perhaps is Mr Waley's) resembles most soldiers' tales, in that what the author sees for himself is petty, confused and ineffectual, but exactly what war feels like for the individual, while what happens round the

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RALPH PARTRIDGE

Three-Legged Race

The Middle Age of Mrs Eliot. By ANGUS WILSON. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

Most reviewers, at some time or another, must meet with the phenomenon of finding a writer whom they admire and respect doing something so odd that it is hard for snap critical judgment to decide whether this is accidental or planned. The pace of Mr Wilson's new novel is so slow that I am inclined to think, basing the idea on an internal reference to the pace of Samuel Richardson and an awareness of the author's interest in techniques, that it is deliberate, and that to enjoy the book at all it is necessary to readjust the speed of mind and of eye, as one must readjust both to enjoy a film from Russia. It is by no means a slack pace: it has the taut and disciplined tempo of a regimental slow march, which makes it look to me like an attempt by Mr Wilson to curb the conditioned hurry of the reader and make him keep the author's time instead of his own.

This is the story of a bright, attractive, business-like, committee-sitting woman in her early forties, happily married despite childlessness, yet somehow conscious that, while retaining her husband's love, she has both failed and bored him. While on a trip to the Far East and Australia, he gets killed in a shooting affray, no business of his, during a stop at an airport. The rest of the novel concerns Mrs Eliot's attempts to decide whether she shall live out the rest of her days in retreat from life, or in plunging back into it. The story is shaped by her various sojourns and alliances with people eager to help her, but singularly bad at it: with tatty 'Bohemian' Poll, who recommends life in a Twentyish aura of gin and debt, slap and tickle; with Lady Pirie, a kindly, gruff interferer; with the embittered Jill, who resents kindly interference on Mrs Eliot's part so much that she throws her out; and with her brother David, who grows flowers in the country and is grieving for his dead friend Gordon who, when he knew he was going to die, immediately killed his cats, his dogs and his parrots on the ground that they would find life to be insupportable without him. (Ach, nasty!)

As usual in Mr Wilson's work, there are some admirable female portraits of the sad, the grotesque, the spiteful, the lost; and some social observation which makes one blink, not because it is surprising *per se*, but because one has fancied oneself the only observer. Indeed, one of the best sections of the book deals with Mrs Eliot's discovery of the new and insurmountable barriers thrown up by the very young against the Rest – 'Her generation had treated people as individuals, not bothering about age; these young people were returning to a seclusion as narrow as the "secret lives" of youth in Victorian times'.

But the sum of this novel is not nearly so good as its parts, and I have to say that a good few of these parts are not top-Wilson, as it were. One has to go slowly. Hobbled with the author in a sort of three-legged race, one covers the ground all right, hardly regretting that skipping has been made impossible. Taken as an experiment, it is thought-provoking. But one does miss the rattle, the shine, the dig, the typical sadic pity, and the pity that is without reservation at all. One misses, in fact, Angus Wilson.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Chilembwe

Independent African. By GEORGE SHEPPERSON and THOMAS PRICE. *Nelson.* 50s.

On 24 January 1915 the Reverend John Chilembwe, pastor of Providence Industrial Mission, held 'what would have been his normal Sunday service'—but for the head of William Jervis Livingstone, manager of the Bruce Estates, Magomero, 'stuck up on a pole in church, and the sermon which he preached to his congregation of conspirators on its significance'. This might be the opening sentence of an African horror story. It is, in fact, the point of departure for the most careful historical study of an African rebellion that anyone has yet undertaken. What the authors have set out to do is to explain the Nyasaland Rising of 1915, linked with the personality of its leader, John Chilembwe.

This inquiry compels them to follow a number of exciting, and often obscure, trails. There is Joseph Booth, one of those perhaps ten righteous Englishmen for whose sake (Africans are sometimes prepared to concede) our Sodom might after all be spared. Booth was a late nineteenth-century radical, passionate and speculative; converted to Christianity by reading Tom Paine, impelled towards Africa by the challenge of a Melbourne atheist, with whom he used to debate the Christian revelation publicly on Sunday nights; founder of the Zambesi Industrial Mission—based on the idea of little self-supporting African groups, 'missionary soviets', and sharply critical of the predominantly Scottish establishment—

> . . . elegantly robed men, at some hundreds of pounds yearly cost, preaching a gospel of self-denial to men and women slaves, with only a very scrap of goatskin round their loins, compelled to work hard from daylight to dark six, but more often seven, days in a week for calico. . . .

Booth's restless search for a satisfying theology led him from the British Baptists, via the American Seventh-Day Baptists, the Seventh-Day Adventists, the Churches of Christ, to the Watch Tower movement, and back again. Since, in all these phases, he consistently preached a levelling, pacifist, anti-colonial social gospel, advocating African self-government both in Church and State, not surprisingly he left behind him eddies of African nonconformity, small clusters of radicals and heretics.

John Chilembwe was influenced by Booth during his early Baptist period. He came to Booth first as a 'cook-boy', became his chief missionary assistant, and accompanied him to the USA. At this point the authors make an interesting incursion into the history of the independent American Negro Churches with which both Booth and Chilembwe became involved. But the two of them travelled by different paths: it was the logic of Booth's teaching, in his relations with all his African disciples, that sooner or later he should abolish himself. Chilembwe established his own independent links with the Negro National Baptist Convention; spent two years as a student in the Virginia Theological College; returned to Nyasaland as a fully fledged Baptist pastor in 1900; and seems for the next dozen years to have been content to devote him-

self to the development of his Chiradzulu Mission—baptising converts, training helpers, opening schools, building a substantial brick church (blown up after the Rising), and achieving the outward signs of respectability and success within the framework of European domination. At what point he moved over from quietism to militancy is not altogether clear. Famine, tax increases, the harsh treatment of Africans settled on European estates, the outbreak of the first World War, involving the use of Nyasaland troops—these appear to have been contributory causes. In the last months before the Rising, Chilembwe is said to have frequently quoted in his preaching the text from the Acts—'Remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one day and night with tears'.

This is a very large and learned book to write about a relatively small and unsuccessful rebellion. But, as the authors point out, the significance of the Rising lay not in its scale, nor its military effectiveness, but in its character and ideas. Reduced to its simplest terms, it seems to have been a revolt led by a section of the new petty-bourgeoisie, inspired by Christian radical beliefs, which sought, in however confused a way, to set up an independent African State in Nyasaland, supported by an African National Church: hostile Europeans were to be eliminated, friendly Europeans retained as technical advisers. As such, the Rising has an intelligible place in modern African history. This study also reveals some of the difficulties involved in the writing of African history. The main actors, though literate, indeed capable of expressing themselves in vigorous prose, were not—like their European contemporaries, Lugard or Johnston—prolific writers; at times they acted in secret; a veil has consciously been drawn over their activities; their records have not been preserved with loving care by relatives and archivists. Hence, in regard to many crucial questions, the authors are obliged to guess. The decapitation of William Livingstone is itself an obscure episode: the authors suggest that Chilembwe, like Cromwell, may have regretted 'the Bleeding Head, where they begun'. But, if the historian's purpose is to explain how and why men act, in Chilembwe's case the explanation is incomplete: his portrait, even after the thorough, patient cleaning it has undergone, remains only partially defined.

THOMAS HODGKIN

Wittgenstein

Ludwig Wittgenstein: A Memoir. By NORMAN MALCOLM. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Wittgenstein was not only a great philosopher; he was also one of the most remarkable men of his age. His personality and way of life have become legendary among philosophers, and some solid facts have been needed to displace the fictions. This book is a beginning. It consists of a memoir by Professor Norman Malcolm, of Cornell University, and a short biographical sketch by Professor von Wright of the University of Helsingfors. Both authors were Wittgenstein's friends. The story that they tell is incomplete, since they know very little of Wittgenstein's youth and upbringing in Vienna. But it is an absorbing story, honestly and carefully told.

From Professor Malcolm's reminiscences it emerges that the truth is after all very close to the legend. That at different times Wittgenstein should have contemplated entering a monastery and emigrating to the Soviet Union; that as a Tolstoyan ascetic he gave away his fortune; that

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he disliked English ways of life and that he had an uneasy gift for English slang; that he feared and hated publicity and was acutely sensitive about his own reputation; that he was deeply impressed by Schopenhauer and distrusted Freud – these are facts that fit into the legend of a philosopher who had nothing of the temperament and attitudes of a logical positivist. Professor Malcolm's account of his friend is moving, illuminating, and sometimes rather comical: moving, because of the tremendous concentration of purpose revealed; illuminating, because of the deep divisions of mind and inner uncertainties; and sometimes comical, because the occasions for philosophical solemnity are sometimes so inappropriate. Anyone interested in the history of thought will, I think, be fascinated by this little book and will now wish to learn more of the life, and particularly the early life, of this great man.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

A Question of Value

Modern Verse in English, 1900-50. Edited by DAVID CECIL and ALLEN TATE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

The introductory essays do not raise one's hopes for this British and American anthology. To begin with, they seem aimed at different audiences. Professor Tate's is dryly arguable but likely to be useful chiefly to readers who already have a fair knowledge of both modern poetry and modern critical opinion. Lord David Cecil seems to address himself to the elusive 'interested layman'. His general assertion, clearly derived from some good recent studies, is that we are still in 'the romantic situation'. This view informs the desire of both editors to represent the wide variety of poetic practice during the last fifty years, rather than to illustrate reactions towards or against the 'revolution' initiated by Pound and Eliot.

But Lord David Cecil falls into the most obvious error tempting the introducer of anthologies, that of straining to make summary individual assessments. It is better not to attempt to assess Edward Thomas briefly than to circulate this misleading simplification: [he] was a townsman who left the town to carry on a lifelong love-affair with the English countryside'. Sometimes the effect is even more alarming. I enjoy Mr Betjeman's poems; but if I thought it were true that 'no living poet has evoked the appearance and the *spirit* [my italic] of the modern English scene more accurately', I would begin emigration procedures for the family tomorrow.

The anthology itself is more helpful than these essays suggest. Any one of us would quarrel, sometimes heartily, with individual decisions – about the omission of some poets or the inclusion of others, about the amount of space given to some or the poems chosen to represent them. And poetry in the Fifties, in Britain at least, has sufficiently shown its character for a new anthologist to be able and expected to include at least two or three recent poets. Still, the choice of poets is reasonably wide and there are fairly substantial and representative selections from most. The arrangement of poets in a single chronological sequence properly encourages us to think of them, not as in the same tradition, but as sharing some roots and as mutually interacting, especially since 1910.

But this book costs twenty-five shillings, which is a lot to the interested layman or the student. The publishers claim that it is the only anthology of its kind for the period, so perhaps we should be willing to pay up. Yet we are not really as unprovided as the publishers imply. Oscar Williams's *Little Treasury of Modern Poetry, English and American* (Routledge, 1947) includes (at half a guinea) some poems almost as recent as this anthology. The new collection is more solidly helpful and clear; Williams is much more idiosyncratic in every respect. He is also more alertly, and sometimes irritatingly, varied. More, we can buy books from America today, often at prices not much above those now ruling for British books. Untermeyer's 1955 edition of *Modern American and Modern British Poetry* (Harcourt, Brace), for instance, does not print poems more recent than those in Cecil and Tate but, by printing about half the number of authors in the same number of pages, gives much fuller selections from each. For really recent poetry we can reinforce this with a Meridian paperback, *The New Poets of England and America* (1957).

Or we can buy an anthology of American verse from a British publisher. There are two obvious choices: Matthiessen's large *Oxford Book of American Verse* (1950) or Auden's *Faber Book of Modern American Verse* (1956). Matthiessen gives quite long selections but covers American poetry from the beginning and, though his book is an excellent basic possession, it is not by now very up to date. Auden includes a great many modern poets but gives little room to each; as always, his choice is professional, catholic and personal. Either of these would not cost much more than the book under review and, since many of us already have a good modern British anthology, we would gain for American poems space otherwise spent in repeating British.

Even if we do not own a modern British anthology we need hardly put out so much money. For less than a third of the price of the new anthology we can, in fact, gain a very good idea of the field by buying two Penguins, Kenneth Allott's *Contemporary Verse* (1950) and Geoffrey Moore's *Modern American Verse*. The latter was published four years ago but, since it was not held to an arbitrary terminal date, included (I think successfully) some later poets.

In short, many of us may justifiably be deterred at this price for this value. Inside the book Eyre and Spottiswoode mention a 'school' edition, which was presumably to be cheaper. I understand this edition has now been indefinitely postponed. I hope the publishers will think again. A half-guinea paperback edition, say, would more accurately represent this anthology's place in the field and would be of particular service to new readers.

RICHARD HOGGART

Love and Cancer

Revolution in Medicine. By BRIAN INGLIS. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

There is a characteristic sequence of reactions to a new idea: (1) it isn't true, (2) it isn't important, (3) we knew it long ago. Mr Inglis's book provokes all three. He describes the 'revolution' in medicine which would result from a general recognition by patients and doctors of the emotional origin of most diseases. He points out that even such an apparently casual event as an accident may be determined by psychological factors, the victim may be 'accident-prone'. He maintains that diseases which are at present thought to be mainly physical in origin are primarily the result of emotional stress and cites, among others, tuberculosis, diabetes and cancer. He calls this the stress theory of disease.

Mr Inglis's interest began when he read of the changes in the body which occur with emotion, particularly the observations by two American doctors on the lining of the stomach of a young man who had an artificial opening through which they could see that when he was frightened his stomach lining blanched. From this secure base in physiology Mr Inglis travels far out on to the remote plateau of speculative psychosomatics. On this hazardous journey he travels light, leaving critical faculty behind; he is drawn along by plausibility rather than by evidence, and helped by a following wind of hearty prejudice against the medical profession. Those not used to medical-arctic travel may not notice how weak is his dog-team of facts nor how many crevasses of fallacies he crosses.

Mr Inglis thinks that doctors regard their patients merely as 'cases', not as people in trouble, and this may sometimes be true. But it is one thing to quote cases of bad doctoring, another to say that the profession as a whole is at fault. This implies that the mistakes are general and are not recognised to be mistakes. Mr Inglis seems to think that doctors are ashamed to make a diagnosis of functional disorder – 'most doctors privately admit that functional symptoms are common, but few care to admit as much in public, because "functional" has come to be thought of in the profession as the equivalent of "not diagnosed" – an admission of failure'. If this is his view it is perhaps not surprising that he thinks he is advocating a medical revolution.

The most serious defect of the book is his inability to distinguish the valid from the dangerous. It is one thing to think that people with certain types of personality develop tuberculosis more often than others (although this has not been a very fruitful observation), but another to say:

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To the extent that cancer is in time revealed to be a stress disorder, the work that has gone into the search for a physical cause will, in so far as it distracted attention and funds from research into stress, have been indirectly responsible for prolonging the ravages of the disease, and for allowing the deaths of people who, if the nature of the relationship between stress and cancer had been examined and discovered sooner, might have found how to live.

The advances of recent years in both physical and psychological medicine have come from a scientific approach to clinical problems. This approach Mr Inglis appears not to comprehend, since he is able to say 'the weight of evidence that there have been innumerable cures which to all outward appearances are miraculous is overwhelming', and that homœopathy has a 'much sounder' scientific basis than 'most of current present-day medical practice'.

DAVID PYKE

Minor Asians

Island of the Dragon's Blood. By DOUGLAS BOTTING. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 21*s.*

A Short Walk in the Hindu Kush. By ERIC NEWBY. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

Mountains and a Monastery. By PETER HOLMES. *Bles.* 21*s.*

It is so very rarely that books of travel are more than adequately written, or that their writers appear conscious of what is required of them, that it is a shock of delight to find either an explorer who can write or a writer who explores. Mr. Douglas Botting, I think, belongs essentially to the latter category, though in this his first book he describes a first expedition – the Oxford University Expedition to Socotra in 1956 – which he both led and chronicled. Socotra is a mountainous and little-known island lying at the mouth of the Gulf of Aden, peopled by Arabs and African ex-slaves on the coast and a 'lost tribe' of primitive aboriginal cave-dwellers in the interior; the island is ruled over by a Sultan and grown over by weird trees such as the dragon's blood tree that gives the book its name, and frankincense and myrrh. It is notoriously difficult to record the doings of a whole expedition cohesively, more especially when its members are often separated, and while Mr Botting is undoubtedly at his best when describing what he himself experienced, he has made a remarkably creditable job of the welding. He is a writer of true quality. His serious and often beautiful writing is interspersed with a very individual self-deprecatory humour:

> I tried to find out something about the past of Salim's people. I asked him where his people had come from long ago. Had they come over the sea? Did he know any legends about his ancestors?
>
> 'Bass, we have always been here. Ever since the sun came out. We have not come from anywhere.'
>
> He had always been here, he would always be here, he knew no other world, he was interested in no other world. The dirty homes under the rock, the two bits of cloth wrapped round him, the children growing up amongst the rocks like goats, the rain and lack of rain, the maize and milk diet, growing old quickly, fearing strangers, fearing the Sultan, fearing witches and demons, knowing nothing, not wanting to know anything, not even thinking of knowing anything – this was Salim's world, he knew no other.

Mr Botting, who had read that the bedouin at one time had worshipped the moon, then asked Salim what he thought of it.

> He stared down the valley, his brows knit.
>
> 'The moon's all right,' he said, after a long silence.
>
> I asked him what he thought of the sun and he said, after considerable deliberation, that he thought the sun was all right too.
>
> 'Tell him,' he said to Abdi, 'that at nights the Devil comes up the wadi and walks across the mountains with a noise like thunder.'
>
> With that he rose from the rock and bounded up the hillside and merged with the rocks and was gone.

The book has thirty-two photographs and two maps of admirable clarity.

Mr Botting is, I think, a writer of greater potentiality than Mr Newby, who is in turn the more polished entertainer – one is almost tempted to use the word clown, for much of *A Short Walk in the Hindu Kush* is hilariously funny. It describes an utterly madcap adventure – the attempt of two quite unqualified young men to climb the 20,000 foot peak of Mir Samir in Afghanistan. (They got within 700 feet of the summit and their feet and hands bled.) The book is highly readable and full of incident, but it suffers from too much unremarkable dialogue not worth recording. This fine ear for verbal exchange is, however, used to its best advantage in the last chapter, where his description of a chance meeting with Wilfred Thesiger, with whom I had the privilege of travelling in the same year, is a minor masterpiece of satirical clowning.

Mr Peter Holmes, too, takes his readers to the summits of 20,000 foot peaks in his *Mountains and a Monastery*. This book is about Spiti, an Indian province bordering on Tibet; in contrast to Mr Newby's this was a serious mapping project, undertaken with the support of learned societies – surprisingly it consisted of only three

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[1] *Raymond Mortimer, Sunday Times.*
[2] *Times Literary Supplement*

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PUTNAM

members, one of whom was Mr Holmes's wife. The book is informative and unpretentious, describing a way of life that is in the main Tibetan, and illustrated with twenty-three photographs of unusual quality. For a comparatively slim volume it suffers from appendicitis, all the way from A to D, which lists the photographic equipment.

GAVIN MAXWELL

Ideal Americans

Clarence King. By THURMAN WILKINS. *Macmillan, New York.* 52*s.* 6*d.*

Selected Writings of John Jay Chapman. Edited by JACQUES BARZUN. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

Here are two Americans of natural distinction and great talent who are now almost forgotten. For Henry Adams, his close friend, King was 'a miracle . . . a bird of paradise rising in the sage-brush', one in whom 'men worshipped not so much their friend, as the ideal American they all wanted to be'. He survives now because of Adams, in the pages of *The Education*. John Jay Chapman – 20 years younger than King – is in Edmund Wilson's opinion probably the best letter-writer the United States has ever had; yet, Wilson wrote in 1938 'at the present time hardly one reader in a million has heard of even the name of John Jay Chapman'. Both these books, then, are works of piety. How do their subjects appear today?

Professor Wilkins's life of King is serviceable rather than distinguished. King was a remarkable and tragic figure, the significance of whose story his biographer scarcely manages to render. Fearless, handsome, a dandy, a wit and half a poet, he was the frontiersman of science, a geologist in a country and at a time when the geologist had to combine with the disciplines of learning the resource and intrepidity of a Buffalo Bill. After graduating at Yale, King went to California to join the Geological Survey there and for the next 20 years explored and charted the mineral resources of the Rocky Mountain states. It was in Colorado, in 1871, that he and Adams met, and their friendship was instantaneous, 'never a matter of growth or doubt'. In 1878, at the age of 36, he was appointed the first director of the United States Geological Survey. Two years later he resigned. The fatal flaw in his character had begun to reveal itself, and from then until his death in 1900 the impression one has of this infinitely attractive man is of a wasted life.

For all his gifts and achievements as a scientist, he was not content to be a scientist. He dreamed of writing a novel, but he talked instead of writing, and talked whole books away. And then, though outraged by the vulgarity and materialism of the Gilded Age, he wanted to get rich quick. He never did. His great reputation as a geologist enabled him to float company after company to exploit newly discovered or partially worked-out silver mines. But he was no business-man; others made the fortunes, not he. And with all this went the waywardness of his sexual life: King could love only coloured women, and his long relationship with a New York Negress, by whom he had five children, had, for all the happiness it brought him, necessarily to be surreptitious. Indeed, it was not until a few weeks before his death that he revealed to the woman he regarded as his wife his true identity. Adams saw him as the emblem of the inevitable defeat by American materialism of all that was best in his generation. It is as this symbolic figure that King will be mainly remembered.

John Jay Chapman was also a man whose achievements seemed during his life to be rather less than his talents. He was an amateur, in politics and in letters, a Radical whose idealism was epitomised in the affair at Coatesville, Pennsylvania, where, in August 1911, a Negro who had killed a works policeman was burned alive by the mob. 'I was greatly moved, Chapman wrote, 'at the time the lynching occurred, and as the anniversary came round my inner idea forced me to do something. I felt as if the whole country would be different if any one man did something in penance.' He went to Coatesville, hired a hall, advertised his meeting and delivered a valediction, reprinted in Professor Barzun's selection, to an audience of two. Yet ineffectiveness or failure is not the impression his writings now give. Instead, he appears as one of the great American critics. He is in the direct line of descent from Emerson and Thoreau. His social criticism is most eloquently expressed in his *William Lloyd Garrison*, which Professor Barzun reprints in its entirety and which is not quite biography, not quite history, but rather a sermon on the theme of 'the unwillingness of the average man in America to go to the bottom of any subject, his mental inertia, his hatred of impersonal thought, his belief in labour-saving, his indifference to truth'. He was attacking precisely those currents of the age that sent Clarence King drifting to his death.

Besides the book on Garrison, Professor Barzun's collection includes specimens of Chapman's literary criticism. Unfortunately, there are no letters. Some of the literary criticism is first-rate; the long essay on Emerson is as good as anything ever written on him. Chapman sees the weaknesses they are the weaknesses of 'the New England temperament, which distrusts and dreads the emotions'.

> If an inhabitant of another planet should visit the earth, he would receive, on the whole, a truer notion of human life by attending an Italian opera than he would by reading Emerson's volumes. He would learn from the Italian opera that there were two sexes. . . .

At the same time, he sees Emerson's strength: 'If a soul be taken and crushed by democracy till it utter a cry, that cry will be Emerson'. That cry was also Chapman. He stands revealed as a man whose criticism of America – and of democracy – is still relevant. Professor Barzun has produced a most useful book: its essential concomitant is Wilson's essay in *The Triple Thinkers*.

WALTER ALLEN

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LONGMANS

New Novels

A Toy Epic. By EMYR HUMPHREYS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Money Tree. By KEITH COLQUHOUN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Neon Halo. By JEAN-LOUIS CURTIS. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

Kingdom Come. By LAURENCE CLARK. *Centaur Press.* 15*s.*

I am sometimes tempted to emigrate to Wales. I don't know it at all well but I have long had the impression that life there is more dramatic than in other countries. It came upon me first when I went into a pub in Fishguard and saw three men holding a whispered conference at the bar. Their manner was so furtively conspiratorial, so passionately intense, that I thought they must be discussing some appalling local scandal. In an English pub that would have been the only explanation. I asked the Welsh friend who was with me what it might be. 'Oh nothing,' he said, 'nothing at all like that. They're just asking each other what they'll have to drink. You will find it is a Welsh national characteristic to put a tremendous amount of earnestness and passion into quite humdrum everyday actions. We are all inclined to do it.' This romantic conception recurs whenever I read a Welsh novel, especially one by a poet such as Mr Emyr Humphreys. In spite of all the less agreeable features of Welsh life, nonconformism and *petit bourgeois* hypocrisy, you really do get the feeling that the national gift for lyricism is widely spread and that Welshness has kept a good deal of integrity. Certainly the Welsh are more foreign in many ways than the Irish. One wonders what they would have done with independence: something more original than that shambling regime of bookmakers and gombeen-men and saloon-keepers that passes for the Republic of Eire.

There is a little Welsh Nationalism in *A Toy Epic*, but nothing untoward. This is a novel of adolescence. In order to vary the biographical chronicle pattern Mr Humphreys has given it a contrapuntal form. His three boys take it in turns to narrate, or rather to emote to you in snatches. The effect is at moments vaguely reminiscent of *The Waves*, but the characters are kept perfectly distinct and clearly labelled. The boys are a varied trio. Michael is the son of a vicar, Albie the son of a bus-driver, Iowerth the son of a farmer. They start associating in their early teens and carry on until school leaving age. Their characters are fairly widely differentiated, though all three are Cymrically articulate. Adolescence is accompanied by intellectual complications. Michael becomes a romantic left-winger and nationalist. Albie veers towards sectarian communism. Iowerth is naturally religious and poetical. Mr Humphreys manages their narratives most skilfully, each one tak-

ing over from the other with an increasing effect of depth and vividness. This is a short book yet it contains far more incident than the average young man's chronicle novel of adolescence. It succeeds, too, in communicating a strong sense of the passage of time and change during this nodal period.

I was disappointed by *The Neon Halo*. I had hoped for a fearful satirical chastisement, the kind of suicide note a visionary intellectual scorpion would write with its tail. It turns out to be science-fiction in the wake of *Brave New World*. Forty years hence the USA and the USSR have combined against the Chinese and the new community religion of Delta is used to keep everybody quiet in the interests of Pope Kostia I and Cardinal Bud Calligan. I like that. In the longest story a saintly schoolmaster who tries to blow the gaff is seized and given prefrontal lobotomy. (This dubious but comparatively simple operation, which you could in fact perform on your neighbour at the dinner-table with a lobster fork, M. Curtis elaborates needlessly into removal of the skull-cap.) Other old-fashioned properties which he uses are the feelies, artificial insemination, and tranquillisers. His sexual innovations are not startlingly new either.

I do not know quite what to make of *The Money Tree*. It is drenched in a curious up-to-the-minute kind of whimsical obliquity to which I am allergic. This spoils for me its light-hearted euphoria, which I can deduce from the dialogue. It is set in Brighton where an art-teacher named Pixi Bristil, married to a wife named Henri, discovers a Dutch master in a junk shop and has an affair with a millionaire art-patron's daughter. The style oscillates between the neo-Firbankian and the bright young ad-man's elided Belgravian. But it certainly has some atmosphere, as well as evidence of intelligence and education. All in all, this is one of those interesting yet baffling trial gallops which send us old touts muttering back into the gorse-bushes over our stop-watches.

Kingdom Come, another first novel, is a good deal more bewildering, and must be classed among the outright curiosities of fiction. It is about a lot of violent yet farcical goings-on in a North-West frontier state in August 1942 when, what with Congress within and the Japanese without, the hold of the British Raj was beginning to slip. It opens with the emergence of Lieutenant Tolley, a young officer from a mud fort in Suzhakistan, who appears to have been living in a condition of ideological isolation; the discovery that the Frontier Mail is seventy-two hours late into Delhi puts him in touch again. It closes back in Suzhakistan, after Tolley has played a vital part in a restorative coup, in a weird outburst of neo-imperialist mystique. Mr Clark makes several mistakes of the inexperienced writer. He mixes his *genres*, uses too long sentences and switches interest; but he does appear to know his India. This book should really have been published in an annotated edition, annotators to include psychiatrists, Brahmins, Muftis, and ex-ICS officials.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

New books appearing as Pelicans are H. W. Newton's *The Face of the Sun* (3s. 6d.) and Fraser Brockington's *World Health* (5s.); Pelican reprints include Walter Allen's *The English Novel* and Richard Hoggart's *The Uses of Literacy* (4s. each). Latest Penguin Specials are John Hersey's *Hiroshima* and Ralph Lapp's *Voyage of the Lucky Dragon* (2s. 6d. each). The latest Pevsner-Penguin county is *Shropshire* (8s. 6d.); ten titles by Chesterton and Belloc come out as Penguins, as does Maisie Ward's *Gilbert Keith Chesterton* (3s. 6d.).

Shorter Reviews

He Died Old: Mithradates. By ALFRED DUGGAN. *Faber*. 18s.

For the hundred cities of Asia Minor the first half of the first century BC was a thin time. They were ruled by Roman governors intent on making a triple fortune in a year, or by soldiers like Sulla disowned by the central government and forced to support an army by exactions, or by client-kings who, when the Republic declined into civil war, were too weak to resist the force and cunning of the rebel-king Mithradates.

His great year was 88. He captured two Roman praetors, keeping one as a curio and causing the other to drink molten gold; he killed all the Roman citizens in Asia and proclaimed himself The Great King. Two years later, having lost almost everything but his personal kingdom of Pontus, he dined his Galatian officers with their wives and families and slaughtered them. Losing even Pontus in 71 B.C. he butchered his harem (but soon got more) and retreated to his son-in-law Tigranes of Armenia. Thence he made his way by an incredible eastern march to his rich colony of Bosphorus, and threatened Rome by the thousand-mile overland route later taken by the Ostrogoths and Mongols. But, betrayed by his son Pharnaces, he killed himself with great difficulty—he had taken both poison and antidote daily for fifty years. He needed them, for he had murdered his sister-wife, his uncle and his aunts, two sons, a nephew and probably his mother. Mr Duggan writes history with ease, gusto, an eye for battles, and a rather dizzy absence of a moral centre. Like the Romans, he admires Mithradates and finds it difficult to catch him alive. But this is a stirring tale, specially recommended to those who find the twentieth century alarming.

A. W.

Industrial Organization in the 16th/17th Centuries. Studies in Economic History. By GEORGE UNWIN. *Cass*. 35s. *and* 55s.

There are four good reasons for reprinting George Unwin. First, he was the most brilliant member of that first generation of British economic historians which founded one of the few native historical schools possessing, or at least sharing, an acknowledged international pre-eminence. Second, he belonged to that golden age of world historiography, from 1890 to 1914, to which every serious observer looks back with ever-growing admiration. Thirdly, like so many of his contemporaries, he produced works which remain on all reading-lists, though long out of print. Lastly, he was himself a remarkably interesting part of British intellectual history.

He should indeed, ideally, be read only by those who are aware of the intellectual currents in which he swam so admirably. R. H. Tawney's lucid memoir in the *Studies* provides some of the background, though we must go to T. S. Ashton's crusading introduction to *Industrial Organisation* for a taste of that highly charged political atmosphere out of which economic history emerged as a separate discipline, and from which it has drawn its intellectual vigour. (Unwin was that relatively rare bird among the pioneers of the subject, a Liberal, and that unique bird, a child of northern nonconformist small traders who came to Oxford and Berlin *via* the Stockport Literary Society and Cardiff University College.) His *Industrial Organisation* remains as austere, tight-packed and rewarding as in 1904, and much more isolated among a modern generation which has lost the preoccupation of pre-1914 thinkers with pluralist social organisation. The Collected Papers have worn less well as economic history, but not as a mirror of a remarkably stimulating mind. No reader of these books will be in any doubt why Unwin survives while the grossly overrated Acton's *Cambridge Modern History*, born in the same epoch, has had to be scrapped. Unwin belongs to our century, not least in his preoccupation with Marx; Acton never did, even though he survived into it.

E. J. H.

Saint-Simon at Versailles. Selected and translated by LUCY NORTON. *Hamish Hamilton*. 30s.

To read the complete *Mémoires du Duc de St Simon* in the words in which they were written requires not only great perseverance—there are 43 volumes in the latest French edition—but an extensive familiarity with the language. His style swings about from pedantry to frenzy; his grammar is defective; his sentences often refuse to parse; and his vocabulary is of his own manufacture. His compatriots have actually published a special St Simon dictionary of his idioms and locutions. And the rewards are only intermittent. The most vivid eye-witness descriptions of dramatic events alternate with dreary acres of genealogy and rules of precedence. (His 136-page non-stop dissertation on the grandees of Spain must count as one of the greatest literary feats of boredom.) Nothing boring is admitted to Mrs Norton's selection. She has picked a bushel of the best plums from St Simon's lush orchard and translated them into plain English with a preface by Miss Nancy Mitford and a bouquet of excellent illustrations.

The extracts begin with St Simon's first presentation to Louis XIV as a boy of sixteen in 1691 and conclude with his gloating triumph over the detestable Duc de Maine at the *Lit de Justice* in 1719. All the great deathbed scenes are included—Monsieur, the Dauphin, the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne, and finally that of the King himself—and among the character sketches appear Ninon de l'Enclos, the Duc de Vendôme (very unfair to his military talent), the Duc d'Orléans and the Duchesse, Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon. The saddest omission is the history of Lauzun listening under Madame de Montespan's bed all night to Louis XIV's love-making. Miss Norton's method of translation gives St Simon's gist without attempting to reproduce the bubbling impetuosity of his language in moments of excitement. The author's personality appears strangely distorted when forced to speak in clipped English sentences. But we know for a fact that his head, far from belonging to a cool, detached observer, was so

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CLAIR DE LUNE

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HAMMOND HAMMOND

hot that whenever he took his wig off, his bald pate was seen to give off smoke.

R. P.

Call the Doctor. By E. S. TURNER. *Michael Joseph.* 21s.

We are accustomed to think of doctors as responsible and respectable, but we may forget how recently this image has been formed. It is only 100 years since the Medical Registration Act introduced standards and discipline into the profession and Mr Turner has celebrated the centenary with a study of the social history of doctors. The story makes surprisingly good reading for those who think of doctors *en masse* only in terms of the BMA, committees and commissions, and pay squabbles. The story of the early anatomists and their suppliers is particularly well told. It is a mixture of humour and horror. The great John Hunter wanted the body of a giant, Byrne, who was dying. Byrne, seeing what was intended and dreading dissection, ordered that his body be guarded day and night and that he be buried at sea in a lead coffin. Hunter got the body – by bribing the guard. At first he offered £50, but settled for £500. Fearing an outcry Hunter boiled the body down that night. At one stage the select committee on anatomy was questioning a body-snatcher about his trade. In 1809-10 he supplied to the medical schools '305 adults and 44 small subjects under three feet'. At what price? 'Four guineas, adults. Small ones were sold at so much an inch.'

The story of Thomas Wakley, founder of the *Lancet*, reads more like an account of an underground movement than of a social reformer. He printed, without permission, lectures delivered by the leading surgeons to their students, of which no other record existed. In a fury the surgeons tried to stop the reports, note-taking was forbidden, lights were turned out during lectures but still the reports appeared. So did accounts of their operations, sometimes with pointed comment which Wakley defended thus: 'Were not hospitals founded and endowed for the relief of the poor alone and not for the emolument of mischievous imbecility?' Gradually the vulgarity of medical students, the venality of physicans and the coarseness of surgeons give way to the political clashes of this century, 1911 and 1948. It is a good story told with an admirable touch.

D. A. P.

Puzzle-Math is a book of Brain Twisters compiled by George Gamow and Marvin Stern (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.) and *Brain Teasing Quizzes* contains about 1500 quizzes and answers by K. D. Britten (Elliot Right Way Books, 7s. 6d.).

City Lights

Trustiness

First houses, now shares: the hunt is on for that favourite beast of popular Tory mythology, the small investor. The City is after him for the simple sake of business, the pirates of industry because they suppose he can be used to frustrate nationalisation, the Central Office because he seems the only thing, bar the owner-occupier, capable of putting some electoral meaning into that grand phrase about a property-owning democracy. If they catch him, poor beast, he is for it.

All the little standing committees have woken up since the beginning of the boom and the turnround of the pollsters. There's a feeling of something in the air at last – though half of it is invented by over-eager newspapers and most of the other half is a result of the giddy exhilaration caused by too many looks at the money New York has been making out of the American small investor in the past few months. In the past week alone there have been two announcements of some interest, both of which have been given an unusual amount of publicity. The first is from *Aims of Industry*, one of the many narcissistic organisations run by businessmen; its new scheme is designed to persuade workers to buy shares. Every firm joining in the scheme will establish a non-profit-making subsidiary to buy shares in any member firm through the market, to arrange the conversion of these shares into bearer form (which does away with the need for the registration and the payment of duty on transfers) and to sell and buy bearer units to employees at market prices. Member firms, wooing the workers at the joint expense of taxpayers, consumers and shareholders, will themselves bear not only the usual expenses involved in share purchase but the additional (and heavy) cost of converting registered to bearer shares. The main sponsors of this scheme, Tate & Lyle and Associated Portland Cement, have an obvious interest in its success and they appear to have received useful help and advice from the Board of Trade, the Inland Revenue and the Treasury – the latter in particular quite forgetting the migratory tendencies of bearer shares in its anxiety to be of help. The City, opposed on grounds of investment principle to investing in the firm one works for and noting that this scheme by-passes the Stock Exchange, has given it a cool reception.

More excitement was aroused by the news that Bowmaker, one of the leading HP finance houses, is following the example of Franco-British Trust and offering to sell shares on credit. The price of these facilities, five per cent. on the initial loan, is lower than that asked by Franco-British and has brought the latter down into line: the initial deposit will be larger at 25 per cent. but repayment may be spread over as much as two years. To discourage speculation [*sic*] shares may not be sold until three months after purchase. It will not be possible to see how well the habit catches on until the course of the market again looks straight ahead. In the meantime, Sir Oliver Franks (Lloyds Bank recently acquired a 25 per cent. interest in Bowmaker) will be able to re-read that section of the directive issued to the banks in July which deals with advances made to finance share purchases.

These two examples of private enterprise at its best have received no more than silent backing from the government, which still plans to do something sooner or later to help along the unit trust movement. In a unit trust, a management company buys a block of shares and sells to the public units which represent the ownership of fractions of the block; it continues to manage the fund for a fee and is able to expand or contract it according to the public demand for units. Unit trusts offer the same advantages in principle as an ordinary investment company – spread of investments and expert management – in a form much better suited to the small investor. They have been booming in North America and recently have been doing quite well here, one trust pulling in over £1m from the public last week alone.

But the government does not find it easy to make up its mind. The unit trusts would like relief

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from stamp duty (which they now pay twice over) and permission to pay dividends before deduction of tax – both reasonable concessions if you believe in this sort of thing. The trouble is that there is a fundamental split of opinion between the managers about the way in which management companies should earn their profits, one group taking an almost masochistically high-minded line and the rest trailing at a greater or lesser distance behind it. Because of this split there is no professional association and little prospect of forming one – an awkward fact politically, since the one certain fact to emerge from the Bank Rate tribunal is that the British public is instinctively ready to believe the worst about the City. The five established trust companies, therefore, are beginning to wonder nervously whether they will be superseded – the youngest, Unicorn (for mythical beasts?) smells glossily of expansion and publicity and is run by a Tory MP. The City is full of rumours.

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,500 **Set by Tom Bowling**

Farewell to my little cell
Never to see no more,
And leave all the sad heartaches
Behind the accursed door,

wrote Old Jacko on leaving Wakefield Jail. Competitors are asked to submit twelve lines of similarly moving verse composed by a banker, bookmaker, bishop, bartender, barrister, backbencher, belletrist, bum or beauty, on departure from an accustomed haunt.

Entries by 2 December.

Result of No. 1,497 **Set by B. Mount**

The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet which includes the line 'I don't know what I'll do when I retire'.

Report

Optimist jostled pessimist in a large entry. Joan Ackner was typical of the former outlook:

How will I find the time I'm going to need
To do the thousand things I've set aside?

Barclay Fraser spoke for the other side:

My fondest dream? An easy chair, a fire
And – ere I'm senile – cerebral thrombosis.

Originality of theme was rarer and caught the eye like white stones on a shingle beach. Livingstone K. Bluntmore and J. A. Lindon were anatomically amusing; Alexander Hunter drew a forbidding picture of 'retirement' in 1984; and Robert D. Kempner, taking 'retire' to refer to cars, asked:

And will some retreads save me from a smash?

In a more serious vein good sonnets came from Alberick and G. J. Blundell.

Gloria Prince can swell her nest-egg against retirement by two guineas for a sinister little *conte*; a guinea apiece to the other entrants printed. Runners-up are Simia, J. P. Mullarky, Little Billee, Norman Page, Clerihew and Barbara Roe.

'A pleasure, Miss, to have you stay the night'.
He laid his reading down; picked up a hone
And fingered it. 'I dwell here on my own,
But I can fit you in'. He gauged my height.
(A cycle puncture. His the only light
For miles around; and fog.) 'No telephone,
I fear'. And something odd about his tone
First made me wonder if the man was quite . . .

Company Meeting

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED

NEW RECORD IN EARNINGS

Record earnings for the third successive year were reported by Sir Ivan Stedeford, K.B.E., Chairman of Tube Investments Limited, in his annual statement circulated with the accounts to stockholders on 18 November.

Trading profits, at £12,579,000 after depreciation, were, Sir Ivan said, £605,000 more than in the previous year. Difficulties had not been lacking, but some Divisions and companies more than made good what others suffered, and, in the end, sales were increased by over £8 million. The increased dividend would be paid out of earnings of a little under 70 per cent.

The first 12 months of working in double harness with the Reynolds Metals Company of America, in the jointly-owned company Reynolds TI Aluminium Ltd., had been very satisfactory, although it was a hard year with profits lower. The new company had acquired an interest in Venesta Ltd., UK producers of aluminium foil, and was now producing foil stock.

The Electrical Division had an excellent year, records in output and profits being achieved by the Simplex Electric Company, which claimed at least 80 per cent of the home spin dryer market. Good results were anticipated for its new Creda "Mercury" cooker, with its many advanced features.

The diversity of uses of TI's precision tubes, and the ever-widening range of its fabricated components, contributed to the best year yet recorded by the Steel Tube Division. Much of its present range was not made at all ten years ago, or then represented a fraction of the business. TI's growing contribution to nuclear engineering was beginning to show a return.

Another good year was enjoyed by the Engineering and General Divisions: sales generally advanced well, with the emphasis on heavier plant. Important orders had come from the US, Russia, India, Brazil, British Guiana and South Africa.

While overall sales of UK cycles dropped to a still lower level, TI's own were practically maintained, but competition and home restrictions resulted in the considerable turnover contributing little to profits. The plan for concentrating TI's cycle production was nearing completion; and the acquisition of the Wright Saddle Company and Sun Cycle & Fittings Company had taken the Division nearer to self-sufficiency.

The year for the Iron & Steel Division started well but the *malaise* which infected the world steel industry made its effect felt. Sales, nevertheless, just exceeded those of the previous year, and earnings remained much the same.

Decisions had been reached with TI's Indian parners to double the capacity of Tube Products of India Ltd. by installing a second ERW tube mill; a mill for cold rolling strip was also being added. TI Cycles of India Ltd. would also soon double capacity, and it was planned to produce cycle saddles, chains and lamps in India. A half interest had been taken in Ceylon Cycle Industry Ltd. of Colombo, which was laying itself out to supply the island's requirements of bicycles.

Simplex (South Africa) Pty. Ltd. had merged on a 50/50 basis with the South African company of W. T. Henley's Telegraph Works under the name, Henley-Simplex Africa (Pty.) Ltd. Extensions to works were in hand and additional products would be made. TI had acquired the Technical Construction Company Ltd., engaged in welded fabrications, Tubemakers of Australia had a fine record year; but Standard Tube & TI Ltd., of Ontario, had come through a period of reduced demand.

It might have been expected, Sir Ivan added, that difficulties and competition in overseas markets would have been reflected in the volume of TI's direct exports. This had not happened. Although prices plumbed the lower levels, TI maintained its share.

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You know. *Greek Legends* was the book he read.
'Procrustes is the fellow I admire'.
He thumbed his chopper's blade. 'You will', he said,
While I crouched coldly sweating by the fire,
'Sleep like a log once you have gone to bed'.
I don't know what I'll do when I retire.

GLORIA PRINCE

DEFIANT VETERAN

I don't know what I'll do when I retire;
And as I view the far from distant day,
The prospect fills me with a deep dismay:
I do not want to be a sinking fire.
When I must see young blood each week climb higher,
And Pooks and Princes push me from the way,
I hate to think that, yielding them the fray,
I'll seem a mere wet smack, a poor flat tyre.

Why, then, I'll make no plans for slothful ease:
No garden pottering shall fill my hours:
I will digest the wormwood and the gall.

Upstarting youth may mock me as they please
And ever inch me from the guinea showers;
But I'll be damned if I'll retire at all!

ALLAN M. LAING

BEFORE ALAMEIN

I don't know what I'll do when I retire.
The Army sent me out here to ADVANCE!
After the mess we made of things in France,
(Thank God my rank then wasn't any higher!),
I told the PM we should hold our fire,
Build up our forces, put me in command,
(Two badges in my beret, sword in hand),
Or otherwise the outlook would be dire.

Now here I stand, on my St Crispin's day,
The armour's massive and the men are steady.
And furthermore, I'm very pleased to say,
My memoirs are in galley-proof already.

Perhaps it's *that* that's making me perspire –
I don't know *what* I'll do when I retire!

H. HARVEY WOOD

So many wicked things I want to do –
That 'angry' book to blow the staff on high,
And show them how they look to sane men's view,
That Eng. Lit. paper that no HMI
Could look upon and live – 'Now justify
The statement, "Elia is one long, slow, spew",'
Or even, 'Comment on soliloquy
As Marion Bloom has used it'. Yes, they'll do . . .

So much to do; so short the pensioned while
To expiate the sins of every day.
And so I wait; the still, slow-burning fire
Of anger lights the whimsy of my smile
As, posing as a second Chips, I say,
'I don't know what I'll do when I retire'.

H. R. THOMPSON

He's scarce eighteen; yet he can take his choice
Of TV contracts; and, week after week
In some provincial Hall teenagers shriek
To see him twitch and hear his maudlin voice.
His talent is to pick a few thin cords
On gilt guitar; then fumbling at the strings
He lifts his voice and (save the mark!) he sings
Self-pitying catalogues of banal words.
But he's no fool; nods gloomily when told,
'Come two more years and you'll have had it, mate!
Rake in the lolly while the going's great.
At twenty you'll be much too flippin' old!'

Did Orpheus mutter as he tuned his lyre,
'I don't know what I'll do when I retire'?

EDWARD CHOPPEN

I've seen a bit of Europe, here and there:
In Burgundy I've drunk my glass of Beaune,
Quaffed Château Neuf du Pape beside the Rhône
And Hock at Assmanshausen with mein Herr;
I've shrunk with cold in Finze's freezing air,
In Austria I've sweated in the Fohn;
I've eaten Schinkenkloeschen at Cologne
And cheese upon the hilltop at Gruyère.
But now I'm nearing sixty-five. The blow
Will soon descend, with consequences dire;
Too old to earn my pay, I'll have to go,
And then to these delights I can't aspire,
By poverty confined, cribbed, cabined. Oh,
I don't know what I'll do when I retire.

H. A. C. EVANS

The Chess Board

No. 471. Giving Capablanca the Queen

Why yes, it was done by Taubenhaus who was quite a famous master at the time when Capa was about 5 or 6. A year or two later, of course, no master would dare to give the boy P & move; another few years, and he won the championship of Cuba, beat Marshall in a match, went on to glorious triumph at San Sebastian and thereafter—should I say, he never looked back. Well, that's precisely what he did all the time, and my own most vivid memory of him is how he would nonchalantly sit at the board, make his move very rapidly, and then get up for the customary stroll while looking back across his shoulder for one quick and satisfied glance at the position. (And more likely than not, he had grounds for satisfaction.) To the present generation Capa has been something like a legend even before his untimely death, yet he would be only 70 on the very day this piece is going to press: as good a pretext as any to remember him. And rather than reprint some of his brilliancy-prize games (such as the famous combination, 20 moves deep, against Bernstein), I wish to stress his even more significant knack for restraining his uncanny combinative gifts for the sake of studied simplicity and utmost lucidity. Hence his great power in defence, as exemplified at New York, 1918, when Marshall sprang on him the perilous surprise of what was soon to be known as the famous Marshall variation of the Ruy.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, P-QR3; (4) B-R4, Kt-B3; (5) O-O, B-K2; (6) R-K1, P-QKt4; (7) B-Kt3, O-O; (8) P-B3, P-Q4!?! [Here comes the dangerous P-sacrifice on which Marshall had spent a lot of midnight oil; in 40 years of painstaking analysis the variation hasn't been properly refuted yet, but Capa, taken unawares, managed to cope with it over the board]; (9) PxP, KtxP; (10) KtxP, KtxKt; (11) RxKt, Kt-B3; (P-B3!); (12) R-K1 (P-Q4!), B-Q3; (13) P-KR3, Kt-Kt5!; (14) Q-B3! (PxKt??), Q-R5; (15) P-Q4! KtxP!; (16) R-K2!, B-Kt5; (17) PxB, B-R7 ch; (18) K-B1, B-Kt6; (19) RxKt, Q-R8 ch; (20) K-K2, BxR; (21) B-Q2, B-R5; (22) Q-R3! QR-K1 ch; (23) K-Q3, Q-B8 ch; (24) K-B2, B-B7; (25) Q-B3, Q-Kt8; (26) B-Q5!, P-B4; (27) PxP, BxP; (28) P-Kt4, B-Q3; (29) P-R4!, P-QR4; (30) PxKtP, PxP; (31) R-R6, PxP; (32) KtxP, B-Kt5; (33) P-Kt6, BxKt; (34) BxB, P-R3; (35) P-Kt7, R-K6; (36) BxP ch, resigns.

As a simultaneous player Capablanca was superb. Here—Moscow, 1914—is one of many examples.

(1) P-Q4, P-KB4; (2) P-K4, PxP; (3) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (4) B-KKt5, P-B3; (5) P-B3, PxP; (6) KtxP, P-K3; (7) B-Q3, P-Q4; (8) O-O, QKt-Q2; (9) Kt-K5, B-K2; (10) BxKt, BxB; (11) Q-R5 ch, K-K2; (12) BxRP, Kt-B1; (13) Q-KB7 ch, K-Q3; (14) Kt-B4 ch, PxKt; (15) Kt-K4 ch K-Q4; (16) R-B5 ch, KxKt; (17) R-K1 ch, KxP; (18) P-B3 ch, K-Q6; (19) R-Q5 mate.

And here—New York, 1918—is another.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, Kt-B3; (4) O-O, P-Q3; (5) P-Q4, B-Q2; (6) Kt-B3, B-K2; (7) R-K1, PxP, (8) KtxP, KtxKt; (9) QxKt, BxB; (10) KtxB, O-O; (11) Q-B3, P-B3; (12) Kt-Q4, Kt-Q2; (13) Kt-B5, B-B3; (14) Q-KKt3, Kt-K4; (15) B-B4, Q-B2; (16) QR-Q1, QR-Q1; (17) RxP!, RxR; (18) BxKt, R-Q8; (19) RxR, BxB.

Here I might save the diagram **A** of the 4-pointer. How did White force a quick win?

B and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins and both famous; and with more in common than a spectacular *finale*. Usual prizes. Entries by 1 December.

B: A. A. Troitzky 1916

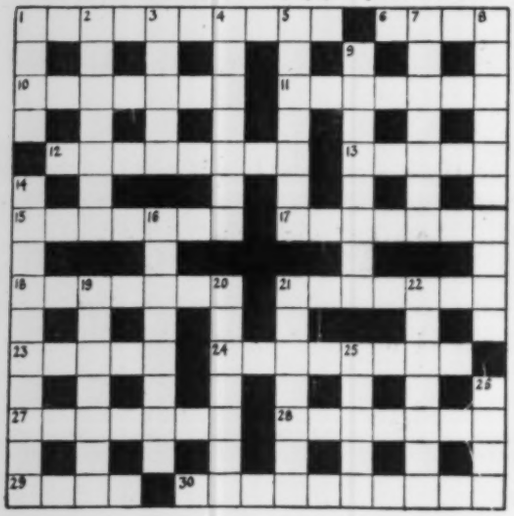
C: Leonid Kubbel 1925

REPORT on No. 468 held over

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 330

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 330, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 2 Dec.



ACROSS

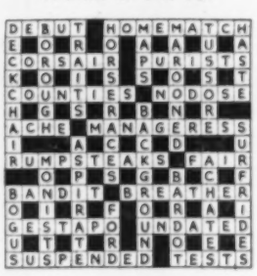
1. The governor protects the troops (10).
6. Friend with a thousand reward (4).
10. I am between two vessels in the city (7).
11. The cursed weed is back in the plot (7).
12. Statue in one Greek island of souls destroyed in another (8).
13. Fur would be provided if it were thus cold in China (5).
15. Inventor a long way ahead of his time (7).
17. Without a conclusion the dimmest would be a statesman (7).
18. Currency which plays havoc with parties (7).
21. I am more pious with the lodger in disguise (7).
23. Drink with rum in it (5).
24. Comes forth to establish a title retrogressively (8).
27. Sculptured BBC woman? (7).
28. Fighting for the reverse of uncooked food (7).
29. Go for a group (4).
30. Plays cautiously when there is nothing fresh in a theatrical part (10).

DOWN

1. Number one more than its centre (4).
2. Surpass gold, but not inside (7).
3. The lizard is nothing more than a gull (5).
4. Pardon for a girl without a home (7).
5. Degraded graduates in action (7).
7. The star has a way of rising over the east (7).
8. Logical expression for Lent? (6, 4).
9. The knack came first and ran slowly (8).
14. It is tiresome to be out of form at golf (10).
16. To fight after a song is something to do with a sailor (8).
19. The said don has turned into a writer (7).
20. Woman of antiquity above everyone else in height (7).
21. Happy success for a bowler (7).
22. Wintry hazard when I come with a note in prison (7).
25. The weapon is a topped vegetable (5).
26. Welsh name for a rising prophet (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 328



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EDUCATIONAL exchange organisation requires administrative assistant. Shorthand, typing and first-class German essential. Commencing £400/£450, regular increments. Small office, pleasant conditions, interesting work. Full details to Box 4315.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA – University of Queensland. Chief Lecturer in Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have qualifications in Social Psychology or Sociology with some experience in social work or a cognate field. The appointee will be in charge of social studies courses within the Department of Education which include diplomas and degrees as qualifications for social workers. Salary £A2,560-£A2,800 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Queensland, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 January 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya. Applications are invited for (i) Lectureship, or (ii) Assistant Lectureship in Social Studies. Salary scales: (i) £1,148×£49–£1,442/£1,540×£56–£1,820 p.a. (ii) £1,001×£49–£1,099 p.a. Entry point according to qualifications and experience. Allowances: expatriation in range £280-£308 p.a., cost-of-living in range £210-£650 p.a. Passages for appointee, wife and children under 12 years. Part-furnished quarters at reasonable rent. Provident Fund Scheme. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming three referees by 15 December 1958 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia—Senior Lecturer in Politics in the Department of History. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Politics in the Department of History, in the University of Western Australia. Salary £A2,150-£A2,500 p.a. General information and conditions of appointment are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 16 January 1959.

THE British Society for Research in Agricultural Engineering requires Assistant for preparation of abstracts from technical literature in agricultural engineering and for general information work. Good knowledge of some foreign languages essential and technical background desirable. 5-day week; Superannuation. Salary scale £595–£990. Application forms from Sec., NIAE: Wrest Park, Silsoe, Beds.

ASSISTANT Technical Editor, full-time or part-time, required by The Architects' Journal. Applicants must have had at least three years experience in architectural or engineering practice or in building. Applications stating age, qualifications, present salary and whether full- or part-time employment is sought, should reach the Secretary, The Architects' Journal, 9-13, Queen Anne's Gate, SW1, by 8 December, 1958.

LONDON County Council. Inspector of Physical Education (man) required to organise, inspect and advise upon physical education in various types of educational establishments. Salary £1,000×£50–£1,550. Commencing salary above the minimum if appropriate. Application forms with full details from the Education Officer (EO) Estab. 2/F), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 26 November, 1958. (2206.)

SHOREDITCH Adventure Playground. Part-time leader (with view to full time later) required. Apply stating experience to the Secretary: 12 Lloyd Street, WC1.

HAMPSTEAD. Matron / Housemistress. Exp. and int. in educ. Small boarding department. Boys/girls 7 to 16. Good salary/holidays. January. Box 4324.

LIBRARY Assistant (girl, under 30) required. Experience an advantage but not essential. Should preferably have some subjects at GCE 'A' level, and some knowledge of French and/or German. Should be a good typist. Salary in the range £465-£640. Superannuation after a probationary period. Good holidays. Apply—Director, Central Public Health Laboratory, Colindale Avenue, NW9.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officers. Applications invited from women for appointment as Child Care Officers, APTDI, in Children's Department. Salary not less than £635 for suitably qualified candidates. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a university diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Scheme of Conditions of Service for APT and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach Children's Officer, Holly House, 220-224 London Rd, Chelmsford, not later than 1 December, 1958. Canvassing forbidden.

MALADJUSTED Children. Young man required to help in the care and treatment of maladjusted boys at a small Boarding School. Very useful pre-training experience for the right man, but do not apply if maladjusted yourself. Six weeks holiday; £300 per annum, plus board and lodging. Reply, with the names of two referees to the Warden, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FOREIGN Service, Senior Branch. About 12 posts for men and women aged at least 33 and under 50 on 1.1.59 with sound knowledge of international problems, wide experience of information or commercial work and, normally, a competent knowledge of at least one foreign language. Salary (men) £1,450-£2,050. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 4906/59/8. Closing date 11 December, 1958.

DOBROYD Castle School. Housemaster – required at this Home Office Approved School for 72 Senior Boys, age 15 to 19. It is essential that the man appointed should have a real concern for the training of immature and unstable young men often presenting acute behaviour problems. Attitude and experience are more important than qualifications but the appointment of an applicant not possessing a Social Studies Diploma or its equivalent would be dependent on Home Office approval. Salary at age of 23, £505 per annum, at 30 years or over £610 per annum. The maximum is £785, but there is an efficiency bar at £670. Accommodation in the school for a single man at a yearly charge of £116. Cottage available for a married man at a rental of £44 6s. per annum. Applications (no forms) with names of three referees, to the Headmaster, Dobroyd Castle School, Todmorden, Lancashire.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council Welfare Department. Applications are invited for the post of Casework Officer, to co-operate with the Senior Casework Officer and field staff in providing welfare services for physically handicapped persons including the blind. A university degree or recognised diploma in social science and good casework, citizens' advice bureau or blind welfare experience are essential. Preference will be given to candidates who also have an academic qualification in casework. Salary £725-£845 per annum. Further information from the County Welfare Officer, County Hall, West Bridgford, Nottingham. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

HAMPSHIRE. Resident Supervisor (woman) required at Red Hatch Girls' Remand Home, Winchester. Experience in group work and an interest in delinquent adolescent girls essential. Ability to teach handicrafts an advantage. Salary: £500-£580 p.a., less £116 p.a. for board and lodging. Application forms from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

SECRETARY with good German and English shorthand-typing required for Sales Director of expanding firm near Highgate. Excel. prospects away from city fog. ARC. 5466.

GERMAN Shorthand Typist/Secretary, preferably with good English required by Engineering Company near Victoria Station; 5-day week. Good salary. Apply Box 4471.

SECRETARY, 21/28, intell. & with initiative, for prof. man. Sal. to £11. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

HAMPSTEAD. Resident domestic help required by or before mid-December. Cooking an advantage. Box 4494.

CAREERS Problems Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. WEL. 8017.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CAPABLE young woman, experienced at running small office, offers hard work and loyalty for rewarding post. Box 4448.

EDUCATED lady, 38, seeks interesting job. Typing, clerical, admin. Box 4533.

GENTLEMAN, 58, 30 yrs exper. accountancy, reqs full/part-time work. Also secretarial, literary; own typewriter. Box 4437.

FREE agent, mature, requires post as travelling personal assistant or similar. Practical, high intelligence, off the beam. Box 4468.

YOUNG Chemistry M.Sc. much in need of job from January. Anything considered. Box 4290.

ACTIVE, elderly woman wants congenial part-time emplmnt, Highgate/Hampstead; house compan, child-sitter, &c. Box 4561.

CAPABLE businesswoman, 33, seeks residential post where baby welcome. 16 years' secretarial & administrative experience in diplomatic, professional and commercial fields. Widely travelled, fluent French, good housekeeper. Avail. New Year. Box 4548.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, etc., but equally, fields such as Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range of £1,000-£1,800 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range of £1,850-£2,250 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent by 15 January, 1959, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer any enquiries regarding the scope of the Fellowships.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 744

THE Modern Method for High Grade Secretarial Work and Verbatim Reporting is Stenotyping (Machine 'shorthand'). Quick and easy to learn. Used increasingly by business concerns and official bodies at home and abroad. Suitable for foreign languages. Call for demonstration or write for prospectus, Palantype College, 229 High Holborn, WC1. HOLborn 5104.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. in 1887, prepares students by post for General Certificate of Education (all Levels) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others, London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc (Econ), LLB). Teachers' Diplomas, Law, Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

ST JAMES' Academy, 283, Oxford Street, W1—HYDe Park 6524—Intensive Secretarial Courses start 5 January—Small Groups—remarkable results. Also Modern Language Courses and English for Continentals—Hampstead residence.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker MA, LLD, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs. Chanda, HAM. 7322.

RUSSIAN lady teaches Russian, French, English; Cambridge degree, BTA guide. KEN. 0960 mornings, or write Box 4551.

GERMAN for your holiday, also Technical German by expert. Mrs Grafe MAC. 5114.

ITALIAN, Latin lessons also, by Italian girl, University graduate. Box 4462.

OXFORD grad. gives lessons in Eng. and German. AMR, 11 Stanhope Rd, N6.

PASTERNAK'S language? Learn Russian in family atmosphere with an experienced teacher. CHI. 5665.

GERMAN lessons, language/literature, all levels. Native teachers. Social activities with German students. Ashley College, 'phone GER. 8782.

HONS. Graduate coaches English all levels. Box 4482.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

WELL-known actress coaches students for auditions and examinations. SPE. 8933.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

CHINESE Market. Two weeks only. Sale of Pottery Handicrafts, Linens, Prints, Greeting Cards etc. direct from China. The answer to your Xmas shopping at 228 Gray's Inn Road, WC1, 15-29 November. Open daily (excluding Sundays) 12 a.m.–8 p.m.

BETTY Hope's Unique Boutique, 19 Beauchamp Place, SW3, for attractive & useable presents. S.a.e. for illustrated list.

ABBATT Toyshop. Worthwhile toys make the best Christmas presents. Write for catalogue. Dept. NS, 94 Wimpole Street, W1.

ALLEN-Brown. Send for Christmas list of exclusive English Violet preparations: perfume, toilet soap, talcum powder, bath salts, sachets, perfumed needlework, gift boxes, etc. There is a 50 years' reputation for quality and fragrance. Your friends will appreciate a gift which is unique.—Allen-Brown, Henfield, Sussex.

NEW Curtains for Christmas. Hand-finished, lined or unlined velour curtains delivered second week in December to any address in United Kingdom. Please state colours and lengths reqd when writing for free patterns. Camerons, 25 Wormwood St, London, EC2.

FOR him, for her, 'Love' (21s.). For yourself 'Henry Brulard' (25s.). Merlin Press.

ITALIAN Mosaic. Kits from 9s. 11d. Visit or write. The Mosaic Centre, 6 Portman Mews South, Portman Street, London, W1.

PERSONAL

CHRISTMAS/New Year. We have four suggestions for you for a gay Christmas or New Year holiday: ski-ing in Austria or Switzerland, a Christmas or New Year party in England, a Christmas party in Vienna or a sunshine cruise. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 or 8881.

FOREST School Camps. Introductory course, 27 December to 2 January, for those wishing to join the staff of these co-educational tented summer holiday camps for children of all ages. Dets: Mrs. S. Powlesland, 26 Chicago Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.

USA. We arrange domestic & Au Pair posts 1 year minimum. Personal interview preferred. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

PERSONAL—continued

MOSCOW Univ. grad. now British. Expert in ancient Russian icons. Avail. for teaching Russian, or library work, pref. Lon. Own Rus. typewriter. Willing take pos. by agreement in UK/Commonwealth. Box 4338.

RESPONSIBLE young Belgian woman, 26, willing travel; interpreter Eng./Fr., sec./compan./business; anything interesting. Not mother's help, please. Box 4008.

CHEAP, pleas. & private accom. in modernised country cottage nr main road offered anyone prepared to give 6 hrs.' help to owner. Box 4226.

EXPERIENCED journalist seeks evening/weekend work. Reporting (general), MSS revision, research, etc. Specialist music, theatre, records, politics. Box 4349.

CHRISTMAS Party. Beatrice Webb Ho., Dorking (Abinger 404). £7 10s. for 24/29 Dec. Send £1 deposit to Manageress.

AU Pair. Italian girl seeks job, children, housework, etc. Edinburgh, Dublin, preferred. Box 4374.

EXPERIENCED journalist-copywriter available free-lance assignments; plays, books, pamphlets, reports, speeches, wkly. columns, book-reviews, radio & TV scripts. Box 4421.

PART-time housekeeper (afternoons) offered large comf. room, cen. htg, h. & c., cooker, in woman architect's home, & small wage. HAM. 2138 or Box 4119.

ROCKET Base protest demonstration. Stop work on the Thor (IRBM) base at North Pickenham, near Swaffham, Norfolk, by joining the demonstration on Saturday, 6 Dec. Further details contact The Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War, 344 Seven Sisters Road, N4. STA. 7062.

YOUNGSTERS' (8 to 18) Country House Party. Ponies to ride and Pantomimes to see; Dances, Fancy Dress, Square and Ballroom Dances; organised outings, from 17 December to 14 January. For particulars apply The Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. Tel. Harlow 24511.

VISIT to UNESCO—Paris 28 Nov. Enqs to ICA, 17-18 Dover St, W1. GRO. 6186.

CHAN: Elementary Chinese. Several copies required. Barnes, 32 Sydney Rd, N10.

HOUSEKEEPER wanted. Boy 3 yrs. Highgate. Good wages & conditions. Box 4524.

LRGE collection classical records 78's. Exc. condtn. £20. LAD. 5037 after 8.30 p.m.

BACHELOR, 24, wishes to meet another under 30 to seek/share flat. Box 4521.

LADY sec. 33 (Jewish) nr B'ham sks anr lady view share wkends &c. Box 4369.

NOW is the Time. . . . We would like to remind our clients to let us start planning their 1959 'En Famille' holidays really early, while we can still offer the widest choice of Host-Families. 'Get to know the people of the country you visit by staying with them in their homes.' Write for illustrated Brochure to: EFA, 1 New Burlington St, Regent St, London, W1. REGent 8866.

SPEAK Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Tel. Setogni, WEL. 7411/2, for details.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48A Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN 1586.

CONTEMPORARY Christmas Cards. Exclusive designs by Annigoni, Michael Ayrton, Henry Moore, John Piper, etc., etc., in aid of National Fund for Polio Research. Send foolscap s.a.e. for illustrated price list to Christmas Card Dept., NFPR Office, Well End, Bourne End, Bucks.

SMALL, informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles, At Homes, etc. Send s.a.e. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11(s) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

CAMERA Advice Centre specialises in developing of films by inspection, and quality enlarging. 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

A PORTRAIT Photograph for Christmas by Mark Gerson, AIBP, ARPS, is quite inexpensive. 61 Seymour St, W1. PAD. 2708.

SHOULD incurable sufferers have the right to merciful release? Write Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

HOMOSEXUAL Law Reform Society, which has been said to have 'the most distinguished Honorary Committee of any cause', welcomes help from all who support its aims. Details from The Secretary, Room 29, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1.

PORTRAITS drawn from life or photos by ex-Slade student. 3 gns. Box 4464.

TIRED businessmen take note! Here's an unfailingly fine recipe for easing away that life's-a-struggle feeling. Sink into an armchair and sip superb El Cid Sherry. Gone the jaded outlook.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

PERSONAL—continued

GIRL, graduate, 23, wishes contact others to find & share flat. Box 4402.

CHILDREN over 3 welcomed as PGs. Mr & Mrs P. D. Wilson, The Gables, Halland, Lewes, Sussex. Tel. Halland 268.

EUROPEAN Friendship Fair: Films, photos, sale unusual gifts. Daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., 27 Nov.-3 Dec. 18 Manor Mansions, Belsize Grove, NW3.

GCE. 1 week's intensive revision course commencing 29 December, London. 'O' or 'A' Level Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics. Coaching in small groups by experienced University Honours Graduates. Telephone MEAdway 1028 or write Box 4311.

THE Christmas mail for E. Pakistan has gone, but surely you have a girl friend nearer home who would appreciate a photograph by Anthony Panting? 30 Abbey Gdns, NW8.

KNOW-How brings writing success. No sales—no fees. Gift year's subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for writers. Send for free N.1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond St, London, W1.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

CONTINENT. Au pair posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board & lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for free 24-page booklet, which describes the openings for new writers . . . reveals that you can make extra income by writing, wherever you live . . . shows that RT students have sold work to over 1,750 publications—a record without parallel—and that many earn while learning. Regent Institute (Dept. F/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

PHILIP Humphries, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd., 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester, 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods, etc.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

STENORETTE Tapes transcribed, duplicating and typing. Chelsea Copying Office, 43 King's Rd, London, SW3. SLO. 6195/6.

INTELLIGENT typing of plays, novels, theses, etc. Rapid and expert duplicating. Translations. Dictation by telephone. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

LOOKS like print! New-style typing and duplicating at no extra cost. Susan Tully, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, plays, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria St, SW1. Rush jobs undertaken. ABB. 3772.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St. Tube Stn).

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TRANSLATIONS all languages. Eggens Translation Bureau, 11 Berkeley Gardens, Kensington, W8. PARk 2106/1859.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, WC2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

COMPETENT Secretary wishes work at home, typing, speedy, accurate, also translations from/into German, Regent, 6 Tankerton Road, Whitstable.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644 Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

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RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. Join our Christmas house-party. Bookings being taken for 1959. Vegetarians especially welcome. Please write in first inst. Box 4030.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

VERY large b/s private flat Wimbledon Common, use kit./bath. Box 4534.

HAMPSTEAD. Comf. accomm. & board, sgle & dble rms, nice home close Heath & Stn. 14 Frognal Gdns, NW3. SWI. 3365.

TWO small newly furnished rooms, sep. entr., share kit., bath, 1 min. Swiss Cottage tube. Box 4532.

LRGE room to let. Nr City/W. End. Ckg. facs. £3 3s. Grad. hshld. TER. 6873.

SCHREIBER'S Continental Guesthouse, 26 Blenheim Gdns, NW2. (Close tube.) Dble/Single, h. & c., TV. GLA. 5622.

DOUBLE room in modern flat nr Marble Arch. Suit two ladies or business couple. Box 4436.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/literary interests, 2 sgle rooms, ckg facs, 50s., 60s. 'Phone after 4 (not Sun.) HAM. 8109.

NEWLY Dec. attractive B/s. H. & C., small ckr., etc. 40s. p.w. TUD. 5377.

COMF. quiet 2-room flat. Good dec. ½ hr. Cent. Lond. C.h.w. £4 4s. SYD. 5349.

HIGHGATE, modern furnished flat, 2 rooms and kitchenette, constant hot water, all facilities, linen, etc., provided. Suitable 2/3 persons. Regret no children. 6 gns. per week. Available 1 Dec. Ring MOU. 7741.

RENT-free—mod. room, ckg facs, to prof. woman, exch. sitting-in. Box 4457.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave. NW3.

COMFORTABLY furnished flat, living-room, bedroom, bathroom, kit./dinette. Own meters gas & electricity. Borders Dulwich/Forest Hill. 20 mins Charing X or City. 4½ gns. p.w. FOOtscray 2561, after 7 p.m.

LONDON sleeping accommodation offered free of charge in exchange 2 hrs clerical work 6-8 p.m. Suit students or similar, out during the day and Sat. morns. Box 4540.

SMALL furnished s/c. flatlet. Bed-sitting room, bath, toilet; ground floor, own entrance. WIL. 2398 after 7 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD, off Finchley Rd. Two businessmen offer large single furn. B/s with own kit'ette, 4½ gns. wkly incl. linen, electric light. Suitable gentleman. Highest refs. CUN. 0251 or after 6 p.m. SWI. 2276.

HAMPSTEAD. Cheerful sngl./dble rms. ck. facs. Perm./temp. HAM. 4585/SWI 2684.

BEDSITTING-room to let, Chelsea flat. Box 4560.

SHARE cent.-heated gd flat with prof. wom. 2 rms free. Suit cple. AMB. 1363.

ROOM vacant in house of young people, £2 10s. inclusive heating. BAT. 5875.

BACHELOR, 35, sks another to share W5 flat. £4 10s p.w. Box 4571.

BED-sitting room in professional woman's flat, W1, near Regents Park. H. & C. in rm. Owner of room abroad for 1½ yrs. £3 10s. p.w. inc. htg & lighting. Box 4566.

LARGE comf. single divan room in artist's flat. Ckg. facs. £3. MAI. 2555.

KENSINGTON. Sunny B/s., mod. court. C.h. Use k. & b. Ladies only. WES. 2267.

MOUSEHOLE, Cornwall. Cottage facing sea. 4 rooms, k. & b. Now until 10 April. £2 p.w. or £35. Gillingham, Steep, Petersfield.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG man, quiet, wants room with a view Lon. Write J. C., 12 Carlyle St. SW3.

MOTHER/infant require immed. or Feb. unf./part-furnished 2 rooms, kitchen, bath. Reasonable rent. Modest offer for f. & f.; inner suburbs NW pref. Box 4493.

NW3 or NW11. Furnished accommodation sought by business lady; wd baby-sit or look after gdn by arrangement. Box 4453.

YOUNG Graduate wants small self-contained flat, access W. Tel.: GRO. 2694.

DOUBLE Bass and young man, 17½, need home nr underground stn, for 7 months; can be away hols. Please phone TUD. 5354.

RESEARCH couple require furn. s/c. flat, 2 rooms, kit. and bath. Jan.-April. Convenient London University. Box 4553.

PLEASE help couple returning to England with four small daughters—no-one will give accommodation in area near parks or Hampstead Heath. Can pay moderate rent. 'Phone HAM. 7523.

HOSPITAL Librarian reqs divan room, adequate ckg facs, not sharing kit., pref. nr Hampstead tube. Reas. rent. Box 4563.

BBC Producer (Indian), single, wants flatlet NW area. COV. 3456, ext. 2528.

COUPLE, no children, arriving UK Jan., reqs flat/cottage/house (pref. warm), 20 mls rad. Brighton, till beg March. Box 4316.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SE London. Freehold house comprising four flats, each with k. & b., own meters. One flat let furnished, monthly tenancy, £13 13s. p.m. Large brick garage. On bus route, conv. SR stations. £3,000. 'Phone: WOO. 0232 or write Box 4401.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
COVENT GARDEN OPERA

24 Nov. at 7.30 Samson
26 Nov. at 7.30 The Bartered Bride (last perf.)
27 & 29 Nov. at 7.0 Der Rosenkavalier

THE ROYAL BALLET

25 Nov. at 7.30 Ondine
28 Nov. at 7.30 &
29 Nov. at 2.0 Le Lac des Cygnes

COV. 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TER. 1672. Evenings at 7.30

25, 29 Nov. & 2, 5 Dec. The Merry Widow
26, 28 Nov. & 4 Dec. Il Seraglio
27 Nov. & 6 Dec. Samson & Delilah
3 Dec. The Flying Dutchman

THE ALEXANDRA THEATRE
BIRMINGHAM

Touring Opera 1958 presents

24-29 November.

Mon. The Barber of Seville
Tues. Don Giovanni
Wed. (mat.) The Bartered Bride
Wed. (evg) Carmen
Thurs. Cav. & Pag.
Fri. The Bartered Bride
Sat. (mat.) The Barber of Seville
Sat. (evg) Madame Butterfly

Evenings at 7.15. Wed. & Sat. Mat. 2.30.

THE Opera Circle. Puccini Centenary. Talk by Mosco Carner. Illus. sung by students Opera School. At the Arts Council, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Sun, 7 Dec. Partics.: Mrs Rosenfeld, Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W8. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

UNITY THEATRE
From Friday, 28 November, for 6 weeks London's first production in English 'MOTHER COURAGE & HER CHILDREN', by Bertolt Brecht. English version by Eric Bentley with music by Paul Dessau.
Performances Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays at 7.15. Theatre membership 5s. per year. Box Office: EUS. 5391.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Lst pfs. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'Garden of Loneliness.' Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Intimate Revue. 3-yr fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 9th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems tkt & free mag.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Mon. to Fri. 7.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Wd. 2.30. Samuel Beckett's 'End-Game' & 'Krapp's Last Tape'. 'A Shattering Theatrical Experience' – Milton Shulman, Evening Standard. Ends 29 Nov.

TEMPO Theatre Club. BAY. 7196. 18 Chepstow Villas, W11. Machiavelli's 'Mandragola', adaptation by Chas. Marowitz. Thurs., Fri., Sat. 8 p.m. Sunday 3 p.m.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evs 8, Sat. 5 & 8. Brendan Behan's 'The Hostage'.

TOWER. 7.30, 21, 22 Nov. (Mems, 23), 27, 28, 29, 'Importance of Being Earnest'. CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). CAN. 3475 (before 6). Canonbury, N1.

CONCERTS

ST Cecilia's Day Concert. Sat. 22 Nov. 7.30. Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, W1. Works by Buxtehude, Handel, Purcell (Timon of Athens), Telemann, Vivaldi, Soloists: Ilse Wolf, Gerald English, Norman Platt; Sylvia Cleaver, Lucy Moor, Jennifer Ryan, Choir, Orchestra. Conductor: Walter Bergmann. Adm. 3s. 6d. from registrar or at door.

ICA Music Section. At 7.30 p.m. Tues., 25 November, at the Arts Council, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. A programme of works by Susan Bradshaw, Franco Donatoni, George Newson, Don Banks, Peter Maxwell Davies, and Schoenberg's String Trio. Margaret Kitchin, piano; Derek Simpson, 'cello; The Haydn Trio. Tickets at the door: Public, 5s.; ICA Members 3s. (on production of cards).

'THE Changing Face of Folksong'. The Singers in Consort, Director Richard Wood with Mary Thomas (Sop.). Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Rd, NW1. Tues., 25 Nov., 7.30 p.m. 7s 6d, 5s, 2s 6d. GUL. 2206.

CHRISTMAS Cantatas (Bach). No. 63 Christen, Atzet Diesen Tag. No. 40 Dazu. Ist Erschienen Der Sohn Gottes, No. 110 Unser Mund Sei Voll Lachens. London Bach Society. Riddick Orchestra. Conductor: Paul Steinitz. Sat., 29 Nov., at 2.30. St Bartholomew the Great, EC1. Admission by programme 9s., and 6s. in advance from Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd. (WEL. 8418) or at Church on day.

CONCERTS—continued

SCHUBERT: Recital of Die Schöne Müllerin by Margaret Manella and Ernest Lush, Friday, 28 November, 7.50 p.m. Wigmore Hall, W1. 3s., 6s., 9s.

BETHLEHEM by Rutland Boughton. Stage production with full Chorus, Soloists & Orchestra. Monday & Tuesday, 15 & 16 December, at 7.30. St Pancras Town Hall. Conductors: James Robertson (15 Dec.), Alan G. Melville (16 Dec.). Tickets: 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Town Hall (TER. 7070) and St Pancras Public Libraries

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 23 Nov.: Donskoi's 'My Universities' (U). From 24 Nov.: Eisenstein's 'Time in the Sun' ('A' (London)). 'The Bespoke Overcoat' (A).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. Wk c. 23 Nov. 7 days James Mason, 'The Man Between'. U. Susan Hayward, 'Their Secret Affair'. U.

LEWISHAM FS. Eisenstein's 'October', 7.45. 27 Nov. Catford Tn Hall. RAV. 2461.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Sat., 22 Nov., 8-11 p.m. Members 3s & their guests 5s.

RIALTO Socials for Over-30's. Lic. Bar, dancing, 7-10. Sun, 9 Nov. 5s inc. ref. Bull & Mouth, 31 Bloomsbury Way, WC1.

EXHIBITIONS

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Three Collagists: E. L. T. Messens, John McHale, Gwyther Irwin. 5-29 Nov. Admission 1s. Members free. Weekdays 10-6. Sats 10-1. Library: Drawings by Lin Show Yu, 5-29 Nov.

ZWEMMER'S, Litchfield St, WC2. Bauchant. Buffet, Epstein, Matisse, Picasso, Raza, Sutherland, Underwood, Vlaminck.

GEORGE Stubbs: Rediscovered Anatomical Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 13 December. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. Paintings by Jeannette Jackson, Margarethe Garthe, E. Wolfram. 24 Nov.-6 Dec. 10-6, 10-1. MAYfair 4419.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W.2. Sculpture by Meylan. Paintings by Legros and Munford. 24 November-13 December. Daily 10-6 except Sunday.

DISCURIO, London's fabulous new record and hi-fi shop in Shepherd Market, presents 'Black Music' – classical, folk, calypso, jazz; native instruments, carvings, etc. 20 November-12 December at 9 Shepherd Street, W1. HYDe Park 6939.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Christoforou New paintings. Oct.-Nov.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Paolozzi – Sculpture. Until 31 December. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

PAINTINGS from The Urvater Collection, Brussels. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 14 December. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XIX and XX Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

SCHOOL Prints, Ltd, 13 Motcomb Street, SW1. 2,000 colour prints and lithographs always in stock. Picture hire schemes. Sculpture replicas and photographs. Special framing undertaken by Motcomb Frames, Ltd, 13 Motcomb Street, SW1.

ST George's Gallery, 7 Cork St, W1, Michael Ayrton's Greek Suite: 6 colour lithographs together with drawings and bronzes of Greece and the Greeks. 10-6 weekdays, 10-1 Saturdays, 4 November-1 December.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jackson Pollock Retrospective 1912-1956. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

MAREVNA (pointillist-cubist) – exhibition of works, inc. portraits of Picasso, Modigliani, Matisse, Gorky & others, at Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. To 30 November. Daily 2-6, Suns. inc.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WADDINGTON Galleries. Water colour drawings & paintings Patrick Hall; Recent paintings Petley-Jones. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ULR CLUB. IRIS MURDOCH and NORMAN BIRNBAUM: 'CONVICTION: SOCIALISM AND IDEOLOGY'. The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon., 24 Nov., 7.30, 2s. Mems. 1s.

LONDON Schools Left Club, 28 Nov., 5.45. Norman MacKenzie: 'Living in Stalemate State', 7 Carlisle St, W1. Entr. 9d. members free (School students only.)

ULR Tuesday Forum. O. R. McGregor, 'Why Bother about Divorce?', Tu. 25 Nov. 1 p.m. at Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

UNIVERSITY College, London (Gower St, WC1), Professor V. Branca (Padua) will give a Public Lecture in Italian entitled 'Il Decameron e l'epopea mercantile con particolare riguardo all 'Inghilterra' on 3 December at 5 p.m. Admission Free, Without Ticket – E. A. L. Gueterbock, Secretary.

BRITISH Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London): Discussion meeting Thursday, 27 November, 7.30 p.m., Partisan Coffee House, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Dick Crossman on 'China Today'. Admission 1s.

CROMWELL and the Puritan Revolution: 2 lectures by Christopher Hill (Balliol College, Oxford), at 3 and 5 p.m., on Saturday, 22 November 1958, at Goldsmiths' College, SE14 (TID. 2266). Fee 1s. per lecture. Tickets from the Warden, Goldsmiths' College, in advance, or at the door.

SHAW Society: Dan H. Laurence of New York on 'Russia – With & Without Shaw', 7 Albemarle St, W1, 7 p.m. 28 Nov. Nonmems. 2s. 6d.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Wed., 26 Nov. 'Views on Life'. Admission free.

WIENER Matinee and Abend. Fritz Schrecker, 'Ein Spaziergang durch Altwiener Gassen'. Am Klavier: Ferdinand Rauter. Programme: Altenberg, Nestroy, Raimund, Polgar, Kisch, und Altwiener Lieder. Arts Council, 4 St James' Sq., SW1. Sonntag, 23 Nov. 3.30 & 7.30. Karten 6s. von Anglo-Austrian Society, WES. 9003, und beim Vortragssaal vor Beginn jeder Vorlesung.

'THE Great Experiment in American Literature'. Last of 7 lectures on Tuesday evenings, 6.30 p.m., presented by The Cultural Affairs Office, American Embassy, 41 Grosvenor Sq. Allen Tate (Univ. of Minnesota) speaks on 'William Faulkner: The Southern Mode of Imagination', 25 Nov.

SCR Talk: 'Developments in Soviet Political Democracy', by M. Hookham, Leicester Univ., Thurs., 27 Nov., 7.30 p.m., at 14 Kensington Square, W8. Adm. 2s.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Suns 3.30, Sanskrit Class for Beginners (free) by A. H. Hemrajani, MA, 5 p.m. Swami Ghanananda: Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs. 27 Nov., 7.30, Caxton Hall SW1: Teachings Common to 6 Systems of Indian Philosophy. Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday 23 Nov. 32 Tavistock Sq. Euston. Dr A. D. Belden 'Inevitability of Pacifism'.

SPLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 23 Nov. F. H. A. Micklewright, MA, 'What the Bishops Said at Lambeth'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 25 Nov. Debate. John Lewis, Ph.D, W. H. Carlton. 'The 'Dialectical Materialism' of Karl Marx'.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public lecture. Sun., 23 Nov., 8 p.m. 'Intelligence and Other Worlds'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 23 November, 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'Insecurity is our Lot'.

LONDON Ashbridge Circle. Monthly lectures at the Eccleston Hotel on current affairs and the arts; social activities, etc. Subscription £1. Write Membership Secretary, LAC, 18 Manor Way, South Croydon, Sy.

MOSHE Sharett will deliver the Third Hillel Foundation Annual Lecture on 'Problems of Israel's Democracy'. Wed., 3 December, 8 p.m. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

HEAR Mr Paul Robeson on Thur., 4 Dec., at 8 p.m. Willes Hall, Prince of Wales Rd, NW1. Cards available, London Majlis, 31A John Adam Street, WC2. Wed.-Fri. 6-8 p.m.

'WHITHER Jewish Youth?', Sympos. with G. Fiegel (Israeli Students), Greville Janner, MA (AJY), B. Jessel, BA (Halutz), H. Shaw (Hillel Foundation), S. L. Shipton, LL.B (FZY). Chair: Rev. S. Amias, HCF, Friends House (Garden Entrance), NW1. Mon., 24 Nov., 8 p.m. Arranged by the Zionist Federation.

J. C. BOSE Birth Centenary. Burhop, Sen. Rahim: Progress of Science & Technology in India. Fri. 28 Nov. 5.30. University Coll., Gower St, WC1. Org. by Indian studs.

'ISRAEL Abrahams' Contribution to Jewish Scholarship'—Centenary Lecture by Dr J. L. Teicher (Lecturer in Rabbinics, Cambridge), Wed., 26 Nov., at 8.15 p.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue (Hall), 28 St Johns Wood Rd, NW8, opp. Lords. All welc.

HALDANE Society. 'Tory Policy and the Legal Status of Trade Unions'. O. H. Parsons. Wed. 26 Nov. Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, Fleet St, EC4. 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

THE Pushkin Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri., 21 Nov., 8 p.m. Prof. V. Ehrlich: 'Formalist School in Russian Criticism, 1915-1930'. Tues., 25 Nov., 8 p.m. Prof. R. Glas: Piano Recital – Schumann, Prokoviev, Chopin. Fri., 28 Nov., 8 p.m. Symposium on Pasternak's 'Doctor Zhivago', Chairman: John Lawrence. Speakers: Mrs Manya Harari, Walter Allen, Anatole Goldberg, David Floyd, Katherine Hunter Blair, Michael Kullmann, J. W. Lambert, Bernard Wall & others. Seats may be reserved in advance. Non-members 2s. 6d. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, Sun. 23 Nov., 4 p.m. Marevna: 'My Work and Friends' (Picasso, Rivera, Matisse, Chagall, Ehrenburg, Gorky & others).

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 29 November at 6 p.m. M. Guy Millot (Alliance Française): Molière à Beaumarchais.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'Limited Nuclear War', Professor P. M. S. Blackett, Wed., 26 Nov., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, 7.30 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. 7.15. 23 Nov. Elizabeth Burchett: 'Encouragement – Principle and Method'. 37 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue, J. B. Coates and Kenneth Ingram on 'Is Christianity or Humanism the Way?' Conway Hall, Tues., 25 Nov., 7.30.

ADLERIAN Society. 'The Promotion of Mental Health'. Dr. N. R. Beattie. Thurs. 27 Nov. 7.30 punctually. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. Non-members 2s.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 26 Nov., 6.30 sharp: 'The Basis of Yoga', Maung Maung Ji. Also Theravada Study Class, Tue. 25 Nov., 6.30. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Ask for specimen copy. Information TAT. 1313.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture. Fri. 28 Nov. 8.30 p.m. 'The Pressure of Population in the Far East'. Dr L. Delgado. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Adm. free.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

POSTGRADUATE TRAINING IN EDUCATIONAL AND CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGY, 1959-60.

The Selection Committee invite applications for a three term training for psychologists at certain Child Guidance Clinics in London.

Applicants must be over 25 years and should have an Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent psychological qualification, together with previous experience of responsible work with children. Grants may be available to suitably qualified candidates. It is open to Local Authorities to second staff under Circular 160 of the Ministry of Education.

Further particulars, with form to be returned by 1 January, 1959, from the National Association for Mental Health (Education Department), 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St, London, EC2. Tel. MON. 2433. Four Lectures on 'Biography': 'The Subtle Art', will be given by Professor Bonamy Dobrée, MA (Gresham Professor in Rhetoric), on Monday to Thursday, 24 to 27 November. The Lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

EVENING Lectures: 'Britain's Food Supplies', London weekly, 14 Jan.-18 Mar., 1959. How does Britain feed over 50 million? Speakers compare importance of home, Commonwealth and foreign sources. Details: Association of Agriculture, 53 Victoria St., SW1. Abbey 6115.

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LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 743

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